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"NEWS" IN WASHINGTON.

Penetrating Indian. "Those White Paper fellows tell Black Ink lies."
The Great Father. "Can such things be?"

"......Spotted Tail then advanced toward the President, and looking toward the representatives of the press, who were taking notes, made a short explanation in relation to published statements, to the effect that the Indians had stigmatized the Secretary of the Interior and Commissioner of Indian Affairs as liars. He said such charges were not made by him, and whoever put them in the papers made them up themselves, as he did not call his strongest friends liars."—*Daily Papers.*

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1875.

☞ *A new Serial Story entitled*

"HALVES,"

by JAMES PAYN, *author of "A Beggar on Horseback," "Cecil's Tryst," "Found Dead," "Won—not Wooed," and other popular novels, will commence in the next Number of* HARPER'S BAZAR. *The new Story is in the author's best vein, and will be found highly interesting and dramatic.*

☞ *With this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *is sent out gratuitously an*

ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT,

embellished with engravings of the New Arctic Expedition, and containing a further installment of "THE HIGHER LIFE OF ANIMALS."

An illustrated SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE PRESIDENT'S LETTER.

THE President's letter upon the third term was published after our last number went to press. It is a simple, direct, manly letter, which will renew the regard that the country must always feel for the man who has rendered it services so illustrious. The chief regret which accompanies it is that it was not written before, for that it is written at all shows that some statement was felt to be necessary. Had it been written earlier, the implied censure of such a resolution as that of the Pennsylvania Convention would have been avoided, and the doubt which has been so serious an injury to the party would have been dispelled. The President explains his long silence by saying that he thought it beneath his dignity to define his position in answer to a hostile summons, but that the Pennsylvania Convention having considered the question, he deems it not improper to speak. But if the action of an authoritative and representative body was all that was needed to persuade him to speak, the New Hampshire Convention last January made as emphatic a declaration as that of Pennsylvania in May, and the Convention of South Carolina considered the question last autumn.

The real reason of his silence, whether he was conscious of it or not, is probably found in the sentence of his letter in which he says, "I have been surprised that so many sensible persons in the Republican party should permit their enemy to force upon them and their party an issue which can not add strength to the party, no matter how met." He was silent because it was, in his opinion, the demand of the enemy, and he did not choose to speak at their summons. The feeling was natural but not wise, because in politics it is essential to deal with facts, and the fact was that the party was seriously injured by the President's silence, and was at last compelled to speak when speech necessarily seemed to reflect upon him. To say that no Republican ought to have been disturbed by the President's silence, and that every body should have taken it for granted that he was indisposed to a renomination, is merely to say that every body should have disregarded the most significant signs, and have totally misconceived the power of patronage. The feeling which the President reproves produced the action of the Pennsylvania Convention, and that, in turn, occasioned his letter. But if the feeling had not existed, if the Convention had been silent and the letter had been unwritten, the future of the party would have been very much darker than it is.

In concluding his letter the President says that he is not and has never been a candidate for renomination, and that he would not accept it if it were offered him, except under circumstances which would make it an imperative duty, but which, he says, are not likely to arise. He thus virtually withdraws his name from further consideration, and in a manner which will commend him anew to the regard of his countrymen. The attempt to represent his letter as inconclusive or unwilling is hopeless. There is nothing more absurd than the portrayal of General GRANT as a dark, designing man, nourishing a deadly ambition, and resolved to overthrow our liberties. Nothing is more conspicuous in him than his simple patriotism. He is honestly faithful to his sense of official duty; and however we may have differed as to the wisdom of any course he has pursued, or however freely we may have criticised his conduct, we have never felt or intimated the least distrust of his honest and patriotic purpose. There can be no doubt of the entire sincerity of his remark in this letter: "The idea that any man could elect himself President, or even renominate himself, is preposterous. It is a reflection upon the intelligence and patriotism of the people to suppose such a thing possible. Any man can destroy his chances for the office, but no one can force an election, or even a nomination." We think that in this remark he fails to appreciate the enormous and insidious power of patronage and of "machine politics," but we certainly do not suppose that it is the mask of any foul purpose of coercing the popular will.

The treatment of the letter by the Democratic and opposition press is natural and very explicable. Their chief capital has been denunciation of what they call Grantism, the identification of the party with the personal fortunes and ambition of the President. By one stroke of his pen he now confounds this assumption, and while he puts an end to Grantism, commends GRANT to higher favor. This is a very great service, for it presents to the country the simple issue, without any reservations, between the spirit, tendency, and probabilities of Republican or Democratic ascendency. We shall hear much, of course, of GRANT'S Presidential favorites and GRANT'S candidates, and of the continuance of the GRANT policy; that this candidate is GRANT under another name, and that that is GRANT'S worst adviser. Indeed, General GRANT having withdrawn himself honestly from the canvass, we shall still be told that we can not escape him, and that despite himself and despite the Republican party, he is still the party, and the party is him.

While this folly continues no Republican will fail to see how constantly the party purifies and strengthens itself. The pretenses that the office-holders would impose the President upon the Convention, that the party would not dare to disclaim the third term, and that those who supported it were the real directors of the party, are now all swept away. And the spirit which has disposed of them is the renewed and reviving spirit which sees that the party was inclining toward some dangerous courses, and is sensible enough to acknowledge it, and to reprove and correct the tendency. It is impossible for any fair man to show either that the continued dominance of the Republican party would insure the adoption of courses that have been condemned, or that a Democratic success would secure an intelligent and firm administration of the government in the spirit of the amended Constitution. The letter of the President is a very significant political event. It removes plain difficulties from the situation, and cheers every citizen who would regard the passing of the national government into Democratic hands as a national calamity.

THE ADMINISTRATION.

THE appointment of Judge PIERREPONT, who was known to be hostile to what was declared to be the personal determination of the President in regard to the third term, was a fair indication that the President was not exclusively devoted to his personal purposes, and had still a little patriotism left. Indeed, the excess of abuse lavished upon the Administration recoils upon itself, and its spirit is shown in the sneer at proposed economies in the Department of Justice, because they are so small. This sneer is a ludicrous illustration of party spirit. The Administration is denounced for extravagance. The country calls for economy and honesty. The Republican party is arraigned for reckless prodigality and corruption. And all, cries the opposition, for the purpose of serving the President's ambition. Thereupon, in the ordinary course of his duty, the President shows, by an appointment which commands public confidence and respect, that he has strict regard for good government and honest administration. The new Attorney-General takes hold vigorously, and begins wisely to retrench. And the trained party opponents promptly scoff: "Reform? Economy? Yes—perhaps—but how superlatively small!" It is as if they accused the Attorney-General of not saving ten millions of dollars a year. The only reply is that the whole appropriation does not amount to that sum. The Department of Justice is a small and inexpensive department. Its economies can be large only proportionately and relatively. The head of the department makes them so, and the party of the Tammany Ring lifts its nostrils and sneers, "Pah! how paltry!"

The country, meanwhile, will see that the Secretary of the Treasury is exposing and pursuing frauds involving millions of dollars—although under a system of the service supported by both parties which makes fraud both probable and easy—while the Postmaster-General and the Attorney-General are pushing active inquires and efficient economies within their departments. These facts do not show that the executive administration is careless, or extravagant, or corrupt. No Secretaries were ever more active and resolute in economical management than those at the head of the Treasury and the Post-office, in which are included the great multitude of subordinate officers of the government, while the action of the Attorney-General shows how fully and sincerely he sympathizes with them in their efforts. Do our readers recall any Democratic heads of departments and members of the cabinet who have shown more patriotic devotion and intelligent ability? When they think of the great taxation and the increased expenses of the government, they certainly do not forget how much of them is due to the last Democratic cabinet, when the Secretaries of the Treasury, of the Navy, of the Army, and of the Interior were conspirators, not only to ruin the Treasury and to destroy the national credit, but to dissolve the vital bonds of national life.

Indeed, the total paralysis which has overtaken the hostility to the Administration, the recourse to sneers at small economies, and the ridiculous assertion that the President's third-term letter shows his fell purpose to be renominated, the inability to concentrate opposition to any general policy, and the sheer personal abuse of General GRANT, are tributes to the present excellence of the administration, and evidence of the general satisfaction with it. The good sense and intelligence of the country approve most heartily the direction of our foreign affairs by MR. FISH, of our finances by MR. BRISTOW, of the Post-office by MR. JEWELL, of the Department of Justice by Judge PIERREPONT, of the War Department by General BELKNAP, and of the navy by MR. ROBESON. In the Interior Department there are the chronic troubles of the Indian Bureau; but of one thing there is no doubt whatever, and that is of the President's humane and honest purpose toward the Indians. Those who lightly and incautiously say that a time has come for a change, and that no party should be trusted too long, are bound as good citizens and reasonable men to consider whether they have any right to oppose "the chapter of chances" to actual facts; whether, in a word, they have any good reason whatever to believe that any Democratic Secretary of State would be more patriotic, wise, and, in the best sense, sound and conservative, than MR. FISH, or any Democratic Secretary of the Treasury more able, honest, and intrepid than MR. BRISTOW, or any Democratic Postmaster-General more sagacious, efficient, and intelligent than MR. JEWELL. Yet these are all chief parts of the Republican Administration, and every sign of the time shows that they all represent the sentiment and purpose which control the Republican party. No man can truly say that if this is so, the chances of honest, economical, sound, and safe government would be increased by a change of party. Since the President's letter, personal dissatisfaction with him has ceased to be a reason for opposing the Republican party, for the letter shows that he who has been called the master of the party yields to the demand of its better sentiment. Every honest man, therefore, who thinks of sustaining the Democratic party is bound to show, in the face of existing facts, some reasonable ground of expectation that the better element of that party and the worse element of the Republican party are likely to prevail.

A FORETASTE OF DEMOCRACY.

THE action of the Democratic party in New Hampshire shows the people of this country the kind of usurpation and defiance of law which may be expected if unhappily it should obtain general control. The law of the State requires a majority to elect a Senator, and that the whole name of the candidate shall appear upon the ticket. It further makes the Governor and Council a board to examine the returned copies of the record of the votes received from the town-clerks, and to summon the persons who appear to be chosen Senators by a majority of votes. This board is not to do any thing more than examine the authenticity of the returns, and to act upon those returns if they are authentic. The Supreme Court of the State has decided that the Governor and Council can not go behind the declaration of the moderator. If they find the returns to agree with it, they are to proceed accordingly. They are not empowered to enter into the question of the qualification of candidates or the character of the votes. The law makes other provisions for settling these points. Nothing can be plainer than the duty of the Governor and Council under the law.

At the last election there were 3834 votes cast for JAMES PRIEST, a Democrat, 3771 for NATT HEAD, a Republican, and 101 votes scattering. There was no majority, and of course no one was elected. But there is a law which requires that every ballot which has not the full name of the candidate shall be counted as a blank. And the Democratic Governor and Council, for the purpose of giving a Democratic majority to the Senate, went behind the return from the towns, which the Court says they have no right to do, passed upon the validity of the votes, for which they had no authority, and throwing out the entire vote for MR. HEAD, declared MR. PRIEST to be elected by a majority of the ballots cast. The plea under which this was done is that the law makes a blank of all ballots which have not the full name of the candidate upon them. But this law was obviously intended to correct the irregularities and obscurities of doubtful abbreviations, not to defeat the plain will of half the voters. MR. HEAD was universally known as NATT HEAD. He had signed official documents in that form. That name was the only name under which he was designated upon the ballots; none were thrown for NATHANIEL HEAD. There was no question that he, and he only, was the person intended by the voters. There was equally no question that MR. PRIEST did not receive a majority of the votes. Not only was it a case which the Governor and the Council had no right to decide, but even had they had the right, they were morally bound to regard the real and not merely the technical facts. But they held the chance to help their party more sacred than regard for the purpose of the law or the will of the people, and so, by a mere trick of words, they seated MR. PRIEST.

This is the reform Democracy, the party whose regard for the will of the people and for the law is so profound that it has no words of horror strong enough for its own tricks when they are played against its own supremacy, as in Louisiana. The honest people of the country may see in this Democratic performance in New Hampshire exactly the value of Democratic professions of superior integrity and purity. There is undoubtedly a question in the situation, but undoubtedly, also, there is no question whatever as to the essential right of the position. It is certainly doubtful whether the ballots for NATT HEAD are valid, but it is hardly doubtful that the Governor and Council had no right to determine the question, and it is beyond all doubt that the Senate itself is the rightful judge of the qualifications and returns of its own members. The Democratic party asks to supersede the Republican upon grounds of general good character. The Republican party asks no other issue.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY AND THE COMMON SCHOOLS.

THE recent Republican Convention of Ohio plainly declared the true and original American doctrine upon the subject of sectarian control of the public schools. It is said that a resolution of the same kind was prepared for the Pennsylvania Convention, but was withheld by that foolish and blind timidity which thinks that the Republican policy should be negative and not positive. The bold demand of the Roman clergy, sometimes actively and sometimes passively sustained by the Democratic party, that the school fund shall be divided, and the sneer of the same interest at the public schools as godless, present a question that can not be avoided, and upon which, as upon other fundamental questions of liberty and progressive civilization, the Republican party represents the true sentiment of the American people and the logic of American principles. The fear of bringing sectarianism into politics is a very rational fear. It springs from bitter experience. Our fathers knew the grounds of that fear so well, and had had such sharp experience of the consequence of allowing sectarian influences in government, that they established religious liberty, and absolutely forbade the union of church and state. They knew, as all history shows, that priests are the most intolerant and unscrupulous of politicians, and that a priest-ridden government is the worst in the world. In our time this truth has been amply illustrated in Spain; and the undying spirit of political priestcraft is shown in the present attempt of the Church of Rome to obtain absolute ascendency in that country, with the power of persecuting other sects. And it is to keep state and church well apart, and to banish sectarianism from politics, that the Republican position upon this subject is taken.

The proposition in this country to divide

the school funds is not coupled with the denunciation of the schools as godless without a reason. The plea is—and it is a plea made by the priests, not by all the members of the Roman Church—that the Romanists conscientiously think that schools in which a religious creed is not taught are irreligious, and that to tax them for their support is to oppress their consciences. This is a kind of argument that would put an end to all common public institutions, and can not be admitted. A man may reasonably object to the positive teaching of a creed in the schools if he does not accept it, but to complain that his own creed is not taught, as if the omission in the school forbade the teaching elsewhere, is a position that can not be maintained. The proposition of division of the school fund is an effort to force the minority to do the very thing which is unjustly made the excuse for destroying the present unsectarian system. For if the school moneys were divided according to the relative numbers of sects, the smaller sects could have no schools, and their children would be forced either to attend schools in which doctrines abhorrent to their parents would be taught, or to remain uneducated altogether.

Every proposition looking to this overthrow of the equal, unsectarian common-school system in this country has proceeded from the political designs of the Roman Church, and has been introduced and sustained by the influence of the Democratic party. It is a purpose well defined, long cherished, and fostered by the very unwillingness to admit its existence and to oppose it openly, and it is a purpose fatal to republican liberty and to American institutions. The time has fully come for recognizing that an assault is made upon the common schools, and that it must be resisted, and the Republicans of Ohio, in leading the defense, have deserved well of the country and of free civilization.

THE ROOT OF POLITICAL REFORM.

MR. GAMALIEL BRADFORD, of Boston, whose paper read at the late meeting of the Social Science Association at Detroit seems to have led an English newspaper to suppose that Americans were beginning to despair of the republic, has written a letter to the New York *Times* upon the "caucus system." As for the melancholy statements of the English newspaper, it may be said that no American to whom a history of England is accessible can read the tale of British politics from Sir ROBERT WALPOLE to Mr. GLADSTONE without a profound conviction that when the American republic has sunk into a much deeper slough than any which it has yet found, it may look at the depths in which the British monarchy has been mired, yet from which it escaped, and take courage. Mr. BRADFORD was merely discussing remedies for evils which he has remarked in the practical working of our governmental system, as President ELIOT in a recent paper points out some defects in the details of our public-school system. He asks how parties can be formed independently of the caucus or primary meeting, and says:

"It is noteworthy that in England men offer themselves as candidates—a practice that would be laughed at here; and the reason is that in England a candidate, at least ostensibly, proposes to aid in accomplishing certain results, asks for the means of serving his constituents, while here he has not even the basis of such a promise, and the post of member of Congress has come to be regarded as a personal perquisite, which it is not fitting that men should ask for themselves, though they may work pretty hard for it in private. Would it not be a step toward victory over the caucus if good men could honorably present themselves as candidates on the ground of public service? In England the motive of principles or measures is combined with enthusiasm for men—the only force which, as the history of the world, as well as our own, abundantly proves, is available for moving masses of men, or, in other words, for the formation of parties."

We can not agree with Mr. BRADFORD that the American candidate does not, equally with the English, propose to aid in accomplishing certain results, or that he has not even the basis of such a promise. Parties in both countries propose certain general results, but a party in opposition can not present specific measures. It can only declare a general policy. This, however, Mr. BRADFORD contends is not often a practicable basis for a party, because the principles are seldom simple and definite enough. Slavery, indeed, and its restriction were so, but the reform of the civil service, specie payments, the tariff, etc., are not. The recourse must therefore be to men instead of measures. But to this our method of transacting public business is, in his opinion, fatal, for in our system nobody is responsible for any measure. Cabinet officers have no seat or voice in Congress, and the Executive has no policy and proposes no measures. We understand Mr. BRADFORD to say that if this were otherwise, if the Executive Government itself originated measures and explained and defended them in Congress, the appeal to the people would be upon those measures, and that individual capacity in defending or opposing them would have a much larger chance than now; and that the inevitable result would be that the significance of an election would be much more intelligible, and that higher ability would be drawn into the public service.

But the fixed Executive is the difficulty. In England the ministry is the executive, and when the House votes against its measures, it retires. In this country, however, if the cabinet measures were rejected, the Secretaries might resign; but assuming, as we must, that the President agreed with them, their successors would be merely themselves under other names. The English system, which Mr. BRADFORD in his Detroit paper warmly commends, is really more democratic than our own, that is to say, the will of the people is more immediately reflected in legislation. In financial projects, for instance, the ministry is the House Committee of Ways and Means. If the House disagrees with its report—that is, defeats the measure that it proposes—another committee is appointed in harmony with the views of the House. And so with every great question of foreign or domestic legislation. In this country the retirement of the cabinet could produce no such result; nor would the presence of the Secretaries in Congress and their presentation of a measure prevent the presentation of other measures to the same general result by individual members.

Mr. BRADFORD says that we shall make no progress in dealing with our financial situation until the Secretary of the Treasury meets Congress with a matured plan, and that that plan only must be considered until it is settled. Now this can be done only by a general conviction of the party of the Administration that such is the better way. There is no mechanical method of producing such a result. But such consent and action imply a general intelligence and public virtue which would certainly send voters to the primary meeting, and secure the nomination of good men and the removal of all impediments to such a result, such as now arise from an evil system of appointment to office. So that the real remedy for the difficulty would seem to lie, first of all, in the elevation of public sentiment, which can spring only from a clear perception of the necessary perils of incompetency and dishonesty in the public service. This perception would not, it seems to us, lead a man to swear that he would never go to a primary meeting, but it would persuade him that if the primary meeting is necessarily venal and ignorant, popular government is necessarily a failure.

PEACE AND WAR IN EUROPE.

THE question between France and Germany is not likely to be left to arbitration, and the late war is therefore the constant menace of another. The recent reports of imminent trouble were not easily discredited, because the cause of trouble is evident to the whole world; and Lord DERBY, the British Foreign Secretary, said only what is universally understood when he stated, in reply to Lord RUSSELL'S request for the correspondence upon the late war alarm, that the publication would prevent British diplomatists from receiving information in the future, because "the causes of dispute were liable to recur." Those causes are familiar. They are the victory of Germany in 1870, the occupation of Alsace and Lorraine, and the consequent maintenance of a vast army in France. This army is held by Germany to be a constant threat, and it may easily be her feeling that in self-defense she must strike before the gathering enemy is ready for the blow. General VON SCHWEINITZ, the German embassador in Vienna, is stated to have declared that nothing but the Emperor's forbearance had delayed war, and the Czar telegraphed his imperial brother begging him to delay operations until he himself reached Berlin. Lord DERBY said that in his judgment no French statesman contemplated a renewal of the German war, and that the great French army is to be explained by the natural wish of France to have an army proportioned to her own idea of her standing among European powers. Moreover, the French statesmen, he thought, doubted the sincerity of the German apprehensions, and regard them only as a pretext for renewed war. If Germany, therefore, had requested France to discontinue her armament, France would probably have declined, and there would have been trouble.

This explains what Lord DERBY means by saying that the "causes of dispute are liable to recur." Indeed, they remain without the least change, except that France disclaims all warlike intention. But such a disclaimer is understood to be Jesuitical. It is a lie to serve the truth, the truth in this case being the glory of France. For it is probably the secret, perhaps almost involuntary, purpose of France, and the universal expectation of Germany and Europe, that, whenever she feels herself to be fully prepared, and a fortunate occasion offers, she will again try conclusions with Germany. This disposition will be most carefully fostered by the power of Rome, which has allies in Germany itself, so that Europe must be considered as perpetually threatened by war. Trouble has been postponed for the moment by the united friendly offices of England and Russia. But there is profound distrust between France and Germany, which ecclesiastical influences will do what they can to exasperate, and no observer of the European situation can feel that peace is secure for a twelvemonth.

PERSONAL.

CHIEF JUSTICE DALY, of the Common Pleas, in a recent eulogy on the character of the late JAMES W. GERARD, delivered before the Historical Society, states that in 1826 Mr. GERARD achieved great success in a cotton speculation, but in the subsequent panic lost his own and his wife's fortune, and was deeply in debt. Their fashionable house in Broadway was sold; the upper part of a house in Chambers Street was taken, and Mr. GERARD applied himself with assiduity to his profession. The success which followed his return to the bar was remarkable. To use the language of a gentleman of that period, "he rose like a phenix." Still the struggle was severe. His debts were large, and as he did not charge heavy fees, and was not in the habit of declining a meritorious case when the poverty of his client did not permit him to pay, it was some time before he was able to meet his pecuniary liabilities. The time, however, did come. When Mr. ANTHON withdrew from the Common Pleas, he transferred all his cases to Mr. GERARD. In time a house was purchased in Broadway, near Broome Street, and Mr. GERARD came to enjoy professional success, the accumulation of wealth, and an age of affluence.

—On her last passage out from New York to Havana the Clyde steam-ship *Crescent City* took fire through an accident to one of her boilers. By the prompt energy of the commander, Captain T. S. CURTIS, well seconded by his officers and crew, the flames were confined to the room where the fire broke out, and subdued before much damage had been done. The coolness, promptitude, and discipline by which an appalling catastrophe was thus averted can not be too highly commended.

—Mr. CARRUTH, who was shot by Mr. LANDIS at Vineland, has resigned the editorial management of the Vineland *Independent*. In his valedictory he says: "This sudden sundering of our connection with newspaperdom will surprise and doubtless disgust many of our friends, but there was no alternative. Two months' constant wrestle with a hostile bullet in our brain has convinced us that we lack the capacity to develop a lead mine and publish an independent Vineland newspaper at the same time. Our impaired eyesight, shattered nerves, and pulsating brain admonish us that for the coming year we must not stray too far from the hospital."

—The late ALBERT FENNING, of Boston, who was in verity a God-fearing man, left to the Mission to the Children of the Destitute, $10,000; to the Children's Hospital, $10,000; to the Boston Seamen's Aid Society, to the Home for Aged Men, to the Massachusetts Bible Society, and to the Washington Home for Inebriates, each $5000; to the Hingham Public Library, $10,000; to seven Protestant religious societies in Hingham, $1000, the interest to be appropriated for the support of the poor. All the remainder, after satisfying the bequests to his family, is to be paid to the Children's Mission, to the Children of the Destitute, and the Children's Hospital.

—The late DON ALONZO CUSHMAN, of this city, who left an estate valued at about $1,000,000, made the following bequests to charitable institutions: to the Protestant Episcopal Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society, $2000; Home Missions to Colored People, $1000; Missionary Committee of the Diocese of New York, $500; Nashotah House, Wisconsin, $1000; Protestant Episcopal Orphans' Home, $1000; Protestant Episcopal Tract Society, $200; Protestant Episcopal Missionary Society for Seamen, $500; St. Luke's Hospital, $2000; Women's Hospital, $500; Bible and Common Prayer Book Society, $250.

—Mr. A. T. GOSHORN, just re-elected director-general of the Centennial Exposition, was the prime mover and leading spirit in getting up the first of the Cincinnati industrial expositions, which have since been held annually, and knows more of the details of such enterprises than any man in America.

—The late JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE was one of the three most exalted Masons in the United States, General ALBERT PIKE and another gentleman holding equal rank. There never existed, we presume, a man so thoroughly imbued with Masonry in all its various forms as ALBERT PIKE. He looks it, and looks it very well too.

—Prince BISMARCK was recently presented, by an unknown German or Gerwoman, with a new clothes-brush on his birthday, having inscribed thereon, "As this brush shall cleanse the garments of his Highness from dust or stain, so may he long continue to keep the German imperial mantle free from moths, and to shake out of it all antiquated dust."

—Rev. Dr. MINER, of Boston, says it is not so, though the saying has become proverbial, that "ministers' sons are a hard lot." Dr. MINER adduces figures: out of thirty such youths at Tufts College, while he was president, not one went to the bad, and only five of two hundred and sixty ministers' sons of his own (Universalist) denomination verified the old fib. Other denominations make about the same record.

—Mr. GEORGE H. BOKER, who relinquishes the mission at Constantinople to accept that at St. Petersburg, is said to be the only foreign minister who ever became the personal friend of the Sultan. It used to be said in Paris, during the reign of LOUIS PHILIPPE, that the only close personal friend that potentate had was General CASS, the American minister.

—General Tom Thumb, the most abridged of all men, is among the highest of all Masons. Parvitude of form does not in his case prevent magnitude in degree, for Mr. Thumb has taken thirty-two degrees in Masonry. There are but thirty-three, and he lives in hope of attaining the final one. Considering that he is but thirty-one inches in height, he is a little less than an inch to a degree, and is perhaps the only living man who has "grown small by degrees," etc., etc. Mr. Thumb rode in the grand Masonic procession of June 2 in Mr. BARNUM'S coach, which was lent for the purpose.

—The cunning Frenchman has contrived a novel way to impress the barbaric mind. M. DE BRAZZA, who has charge of the expedition to Senegal, carries an electric battery in his pocket communicating with two rings on his hand, and with other apparatus scattered about his person. When he shakes hands with a savage chief, that chief will be very much astonished, for an electric shock will run up his arm, and he will see lightning playing about the head of his visitor. Naturally he will think he is being interviewed by the devil, and will be ready to consent to any thing in order to get away.

—Ex-Governor HAWLEY leaves Hartford at once to take up his residence at Philadelphia until after the conclusion of the Centennial Exhibition, of which he is the official head.

—Since President WHITE first entered upon his duties at Cornell University his donations to that institution, as shown by the treasurer's books, amount to $100,000.

—The editor of the Brunswick (Maine) *Telegraph* has been investigating the matter of the size of some of the French Canadian families employed in the mills at that place, and gives a few of the facts he has ascertained. He says: "There is a family at work in the cotton mill which consists of father and mother and twenty-four children, all the children large enough being at work. The woman is the fourth wife. A brother of the husband, living with his fifth wife in Montreal, has twenty-five children. Three families arrived here last week to go to work in the mill, and they number, all told, thirty-seven persons. A lady friend of ours a few days since met a Frenchwoman, who, looking at the babe in the carriage, said to our friend, 'I have got fifteen of those.' The only possible reply of the lady with the one babe was, 'Gracious!' Ten and twelve and fifteen children are by no means uncommon in the French Canadian families, but twenty-four is a little above the average."

—A Brussels paper gives a painful account of the ex-Empress CHARLOTTE of Mexico. Her physical condition is good, but her mental condition is hopeless. She lives in constant communication with imaginary beings, and dislikes the presence of any living person. She speaks only when obliged to do so, and gives orders to her attendants in writing. She dresses herself without permitting assistance, takes a fixed walk in the park every morning when fine, frequently plays on the piano-forte, and sometimes draws and paints with decided taste. She recognizes no visitors, not even her brother, King LEOPOLD, or the Queen. The latter always accompanies the physician on his monthly visit, when, in reply to his inquiries as to her health, the Empress coldly says she is well, and immediately retires. She has become stouter, and shows a tendency to corpulency, but at present it is stated that this has only increased her beauty, which is now truly striking.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE striking coal miners in the Schuylkill region have broken out with fresh deeds of violence. On the 3d of June they secretly gathered their forces, and suddenly entering Mahanoy City, rushed upon the miners who had resumed work at the several collieries, and compelled them to give up. One of the mob was arrested, but his companions rescued him and fired on the sheriff's posse, wounding two policemen and one citizen. In the evening a colliery that had been mining for two days at reduced wages was burned by a mob of a hundred of the strikers, all of whom escaped arrest. The State militia were speedily called out by the Governor, and at last accounts they were on the ground and ready for action if needed.

The Superintendent of Truancy in this city reports that the recent police census shows 107,057 children between the ages of eight and fourteen, of which number 7308 do not attend school.

The Ohio Republican State Convention met at Columbus on the 2d. Ex-Governor Rutherford B. Hayes was nominated for Governor. The resolutions adopted were in favor of free education, and opposed to a division of the school fund and to all sectarian legislation. Referring to the third term, the Convention resolved that "the observance of Washington's example in retiring at the close of a second Presidential term will be in the future, as it has been in the past, regarded as a fundamental rule in the unwritten law of the republic."

The number of immigrants arriving at this port during May last was 16,951, against 29,818 for the previous May. Of those who came 5226 were Irish, 4016 Germans, and 2990 English.

FOREIGN NEWS.

IN reply to a memorial recently presented by the British Antislavery Society, urging friendly mediation to bring about an equitable termination of the war in Cuba and the abolition of the slave-trade, Lord Derby said he thought the present time not favorable for English interference. He believed the United States had no desire to annex Cuba, but at the same time the American government and people would receive any attempt of England to interfere between Spain and Cuba with considerable suspicion, and be apt to put a wrong construction upon it.

A Paris newspaper—*La République Française*—reports that the German embassador at Brussels has made fresh representations to the Belgian government in regard to Catholic processions.

Sixty persons were drowned recently by the capsizing of a lighter in the river Tagus, near Lisbon.

The Duc d'Andiffret-Pasquier has been re-elected President of the French Assembly.

A monster mass-meeting was held in Hyde Park on the 2d inst. to express sympathy for cabinet-makers who have just been released from imprisonment. They were sentenced for accosting comrades on the way to work, and endeavoring to induce them to join in a strike. It is estimated that 80,000 people took part in the demonstration. Resolutions were adopted declaring the sentence a gross violation of personal rights. The speakers denounced laws made in the interest of a privileged class.

The British House of Commons have at last settled the question of privilege. On the 31st ult. it was resolved, on motion of Mr. Disraeli, that if attention is called by any member to the presence of strangers, the House shall decide by division whether they withdraw; furthermore, that the Speaker be empowered to order their withdrawal whenever he thinks fit.

The Carlists under General Saballs recently attacked Blanco, and were repulsed with a loss of sixty killed.

WE ARE NOT PROUD.

OUR ARTIST. "Didn't I told you so?"

WASHINGTON, *May* 30.—President GRANT has written the following letter to General HARRY WHITE, President of the recent Pennsylvania Republican State Convention:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, D. C., *May* 29, 1875.

"DEAR SIR,—A short time subsequent to the Presidential election of 1872, the press, a portion of it hostile to the Republican party, and particularly so to the Administration, started the cry of 'Cæsarism' and 'the Third Term,' calling lustily for me to define my position on the latter subject. I believed it to be beneath the dignity of the office which I have been twice called upon to fill to answer such a question before the subject should be presented by competent authority to make a nomination, or by a body of such dignity and authority as not to make a reply a fair subject of ridicule. In fact, I have been surprised that so many sensible persons in the Republican party should permit their enemy to force upon them and their party an issue which can not add strength to the party, no matter how met. But a body of the dignity and party authority of a convention to make nominations for the State officers of the second State in the Union having considered this question, I deem it not improper that I should speak.

"In the first place, I never sought the office for a second, nor even for a first nomination. To the first I was called from a life position, one created by Congress expressly for me for supposed services rendered to the republic. The position vacated I liked. It would have been most agreeable to me to have retained it until such time as Congress might have consented to my retirement, with the rank and a portion of the emoluments which I so much needed, to a home where the balance of my days might be spent in peace and the enjoyment of domestic quiet, relieved from the cares which have oppressed me so constantly now for fourteen years. But I was made to believe that the public good called me to make the sacrifice. Without seeking the office for the second term, the nomination was tendered to me by a unanimous vote of the delegates of all the States and Territories, selected by the Republicans of each to represent their whole number for the purpose of making their nomination. I can not say that I was not pleased at this, and at the overwhelming indorsement which their action received at the election following. But it must be remembered that all the sacrifices except that of comfort had been made in accepting the first term. Then, too, such a fire of personal abuse and slander had been kept up for four years, notwithstanding the conscientious performance of my duties to the best of my understanding—though I admit, in the light of subsequent events, many times subject to fair criticism—that an indorsement from the people, who alone govern republics, was a gratification that it is only human to have appreciated and enjoyed.

"Now for the Third Term. I do not want it any more than I did the first. I would not write or utter a word to change the will of the people in expressing and having their choice. The question of the number of terms allowed to any one Executive can only come up fairly in the shape of a proposition to amend the Constitution—a shape in which all political parties can participate, fixing the length of time or the number of terms for which any one person shall be eligible for the office of President. Until such an amendment is adopted the people can not be restricted in their choice by resolution further than they are now restricted as to age, nativity, etc. It may happen in the future history of the country that to change an Executive because he has been eight years in office will prove unfortunate, if not disastrous. The idea that any man could elect himself President, or even renominate himself, is preposterous. It is a reflection upon the intelligence and patriotism of the people to suppose such a thing possible. Any man can destroy his chances for the office, but no one can force an election, or even a nomination.

"To recapitulate, I am not, nor have I ever been, a candidate for a renomination. I would not accept a nomination if it were tendered, unless it should come under such circumstances as to make it an imperative duty—circumstances not likely to arise. I congratulate the Convention over which you presided for the harmony which prevailed and for the excellent ticket put in the field, and which I hope may be triumphantly elected.

"With great respect, your obedient servant,

U. S. GRANT.

"To General HARRY WHITE, *President Pennsylvania Republican State Convention.*"

A WARM RECEPTION.

GREAT numbers of whales are sometimes captured on the coast of Shetland. A few weeks ago a large "school" was sighted at some distance from the shore, and instantly the whole population in the vicinity was in commotion. All the fishing craft and boats available put out in chase. After an exciting pursuit, lasting several hours, a considerable number of whales were driven into shallow water, and the work of slaughter began. The scene was most animating. The fishermen waded in up to their waist in water, slashing with axes, harpooning, and shooting, while the sail and row boats formed a circle outside to prevent the escape of the hapless victims.

ANTARCTIC ICEBERGS.

THOSE who visit the antarctic seas after having been in the arctic are greatly disappointed in the form of the icebergs, for while those of the north assume every fantastic shape that fancy can conceive, the southern ones are nearly table-topped lumps of ice, precisely the same in form as on the day they parted from their parent glacier: these more resemble huge Twelfth-cakes divested of their ornaments than any thing else. In the warmer northern seas icebergs melt more quickly, and assume far more picturesque appearances; but in the Southern Ocean the temperature of the water through which the icebergs drift is below the freezing-point of fresh-water, and therefore insufficient in heat to melt the ice. It is only after they have moved a considerable way northward that the regularity of their shape begins to be interfered with. As the berg travels from the pole, it first reaches a latitude where the summer sun has the power of heating the surface water slightly above the freezing-point without affecting that immediately below it; this has the effect of melting a notch in the side of the berg all round it, at and just above the sea-level; but this notch is not observed to extend into the ice in any case more than about thirty feet. As the warm water becomes still warmer as the berg floats farther north, it has naturally greater power, and deep caves or caverns are formed, which offer increased facilities for wave-washing the larger they become, until the mass being weakened, large pieces become detached. As this alters the centre of gravity, the berg lurches over, and either forms a slope, or a long spur or tongue rises; and thus the work of destruction proceeds, until the form of the berg is altogether changed, and that part which formed the tongue may become its topmost pinnacle. Hence the greater variety of form in the bergs seen by ships passing south on an arc of the great circle in comparatively low latitudes. The portions that break away from the berg are termed *calves*, and they are often of far greater danger than the bergs themselves, for the latter have a reflected light that renders them visible at a little distance on the darkest night; whereas the calf, although it may be several hundred tons in weight, is not perceptible, or if so, may readily be mistaken for the top of a sea breaking.

A WARM RECEPTION—A SCHOOL OF WHALES DRIVEN INTO SHALLOW WATER.

THE BRIDE FROM DUCKPORT.

"ARE you happy, darling?" inquired the bridegroom, after the manner of all bridegrooms.

"Very happy," replied the bride, with a sigh of satisfaction, glancing shyly at the world from beneath silky lashes, and claiming universal interest by reason of her modesty. "Let us behave like an old married couple," she added, demurely. But the fact that a very recent wedding had taken place in Duckport could no more be concealed from the most casual observer than the pink flush in the bride's cheeks or the roses and white ribbons of her bonnet.

Was not the cup of Mrs. John Scudder, *née* Blanchard, the deacon's only daughter, filled to the brim with sparkling happiness? She had married the man of her choice, handsome John Scudder, with the military bearing which made him the admiration of all the girls. Nay, more: the inheritance of the store where Grandfather Scudder had spent so many years behind a desk, in an atmosphere composed of red flannel, cheese, and herring, had converted John into a match equal to the deacon's ambition for his child. To get married and visit New York on a bridal tour might well limit the aspirations of any young lady; therefore the new Mrs. Scudder sighed with infinite content, only half wishing that John's attire was not so excessively elegant, and that he did not wear the shiny silk hat with such defiant recklessness of results.

Travel brings discontent in the very increase of knowledge. Our bride had not journeyed six hours before a pang of doubt assailed her as to the skill of the village dress-maker in her art; for at each station she beheld a different style, until she was wholly robbed of the complacency with which she had set out. Thus did she permit herself to be crushed by that Juggernaut car of fashion, beneath which so many women of the land prostrate themselves.

At last New York was reached, and the pair sought the Cosmopolitan Hotel. A marble palace received them; sumptuous drawing-rooms and corridors opened before them; French waiters flew at their bidding to obtain hitherto untasted dishes; and the little bride beheld herself reflected in so many mirrors that she was dazzled by her own image. Her interest in every thing reconciled her to John's departure on business. The young husband, assuming the dignity of authority, said, "I may be detained until late, or even all night. You must not go out alone, as you will lose your way."

Kitty pouted, the day was so fine. However, she promised. From subsequent information imparted to friends at home it would appear that she spent the morning exploring the hotel, ascending to giddy heights in the elevator, and then taking base advantage of a back staircase to penetrate the mysteries of kitchen and laundry. Kitty received two indelible impressions in these lower regions. The first was produced by a small Greenland of a refrigerator, where blocks of pellucid ice formed a grotto of delicious coolness. In hot weather Duckport suspended the butter, in a tin pail, down the well. The second was the apparition of a French *chef*, in cap and apron, intrenched among copper saucepans and surrounded by anxious menials, who tasted a gravy, shook his head, and gazed at the ceiling for inspiration. The great man's eye fell on the intruder, and she fled. "The idea of a grown man spending his life cooking!" she said, indignantly, on the stairs.

Later in the afternoon she decided to find a friend in the suburbs, somewhat as Ginevra played the prank of hiding. Why not? She was not a baby.

A policeman directed her to take the first car on a certain route, and the first car being *green* instead of *red*—contrary to the policeman's reckoning—she was carried up town, miles away from the ferry she intended to cross. The car was very dirty, with an all-pervading odor of pestilence. A market-basket rested on her best dress, with the legs of ancient fowls protruding, owned by stout Mrs. Flaherty, while Mrs. Malony, opposite, carried home the "wash." Both ladies were fully aware of their rights.

"Are we near Mudflat Ferry?" asked Kitty, doubtfully.

The conductor checked the car, declared his intention of not seeking any ferry, pointed out another route grimly, and left her to make the best of it on the curb-stone.

She went through the street indicated, considerably alarmed by the demonstrations of the inhabitants, who lounged on door-steps and strolled about gutters in search of amusement. This diversion she afforded them, and she was forced to run the gauntlet of frank criticism, especially from upper windows, where lolled untidy foreign ladies. The second car was a shade dirtier than the first. Gas was beginning to flare in the hot streets. How gladly would she return to the hotel did she know the way! Terror reached a climax with the sudden influx of a crowd of rough, coarse men and tawdry women. If she had only minded John! In these creatures she recognized the burglars by daylight of her dreams, the desperadoes who revel in bloodshed and mock at justice. She was not in the best company. Instinctively she closed her eyes and prayed for deliverance.

The men evinced jocose familiarity, the women a hard cruelty and resentment, as if they saw a violet growing far above their abyss. Matters were becoming serious. A bottle having circulated with visible effect on the spirits of the company, it was presented insolently to Kitty, who rose to her feet, received a rude push, and was relieved of her purse. Ah, port of safety! Mudflat Ferry loomed through the gathering darkness. To her dismay the noisy persecutors followed, fairly driving her from the cabin.

The low shore opposite seemed deserted. She discovered only vacant coal-yards and shipping, with horrible lurking-places in shadow, and the group approaching through the gates of the ferry-house. The poor little wanderer fled, pursued by derisive laughter, until she reached a low broad house on the water's edge, which bore on a sign-board the "Lamb." A brick walk bordered with ancient box led up to the sloping stoop, where an old man stood in the door, which was painted green and divided in two halves. He was weather-bronzed and bent, but his face, having carried the impress of honest good nature for eighty years, did not fail Kitty, who, choosing between two evils, approached timidly. The proprietor of the "Lamb" (now far advanced in mutton-hood) welcomed her, and summoned his wife, a hearty dame in a crimped cap. They could not send her home, but she might remain all night.

Seated on the back porch with his pipe as the evening shadows shrouded the harbor and the great steamers surged past, gemmed with red and blue lights, the old man told Kitty of the days when the giant city over yonder was a mere infant. He had kept the tavern for forty years, since the time when green turf bordered the river and lofty trees had no warning of progress. The stubborn old "Lamb" had not yielded an inch, although the quiet of its youth was disturbed by iron-tongued machinery. The box hedge grew trimly erect; the trumpet vines clung to the time-stained walls; twin Lombardy poplars guarded the gate as in the days when the wind came laden only with the sweetness of clover fields. The boys who used to frequent the "Lamb" of summer evenings to bathe and refresh themselves with spruce beer and "bolivars" (the gingerbread ancestor of the modern "round-heart") had grown to be care-worn men, had even sunk into quiet graves, while he sat smoking his pipe. Every eddy in the current, every inlet of the neighboring shores, was familiar to him; and his prime boasted honest yawls instead of modern light cockle-shell craft. Thus the Past, older than his century, recalled the victories of the First Consul, the evacuation of the red-coats, the hero of New Orleans.

In this inn on the water's brink of Mudflat Ferry Kitty was a foreign element. If the Dutch family was the smooth surface of the rock, solid and durable, she was the sharp granite edge cut into many angles. Excitement robbed her of sleep, although she had not fallen among thieves. After she had retired to a large clean chamber, with a paper fire-board in the wide chimney and a faded portrait of a Flemish cavalier on the wall, she took her lamp to examine the painted tiles of the hearth, and leaned out of a window listening to the melancholy plash of the tide, in danger of being claimed by the last peril of that eventful day—fever and ague.

John hastened back to the hotel, intending to surprise Kitty by his speedy return. The bird had flown. With wonder and alarm he made inquiries. No result. A bell-boy had seen her go out at half past four. At eight o'clock he telegraphed to the friends in the suburbs. Kitty was not there. At nine he sought the police station, and intelligence of her disappearance flew all over town. At ten frantic bridegroom paced the floor. At twelve he sat, with head buried in his hands, the picture of despair. Patient waiting seemed the only course.

Next morning John, haggard with anxiety, stood in front of the hotel. A beautiful carriage lined with satin drew up. It was like the chariot of fairy tales, and a delicate lady was the occupant.

"She is not half as pretty as my Kitty," groaned John. Just then an ancient and rusty chaise, drawn by a sorry gray horse, and driven by an old man, appeared. John sprang forward. Kitty sat in the chaise beside a beaming dame, who had made the journey to New York in the family vehicle of the Lamb Tavern. The whole Cosmopolitan Hotel might smile superciliously, but John shook hands cordially with the old couple, "put up" the gray horse, and insisted on inviting them to dinner.

Later the bride from Duckport laid her head on his shoulder, and sobbed,

"Take me home—where I can't get lost."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

WE have already referred to the preliminary organization of the United States board appointed to test iron, steel, etc. This consisted of Lieutenant-Colonel T. T. S. LAIDLEY, U.S.A., as president, with Commander L. A. BEARDSLEE, U.S.N., Lieutenant-Colonel Q. A. GILLMORE, U.S.A., Chief Engineer DAVID SMITH, U.S.N., W. SOOY SMITH, C.E., A. L. HOLLEY, C.E., and R. H. THURSTON, C.E., secretary, as associate members. At the last meeting of the board standing committees were appointed on the following subjects:

On Abrasion and Wear.—To examine and report upon the abrasion and wear of railway wheels, axles, rails, and other materials, under the conditions of actual use.

On Armor Plate.—To make tests of armor plate, and to collect data derived from experiments already made to determine the characteristics of metal suitable for such use.

On Chemical Research.—To plan and conduct investigations of the mutual relations of the chemical and mechanical properties of metals.

On Chains and Wire Ropes.—To determine the character of iron best adapted for chain-cables, the best form and proportions of link, and the qualities of metal used in the manufacture of iron and steel wire rope.

On Corrosion of Metals.—To investigate the subject of corrosion of metals under the conditions of actual use.

On the Effects of Temperature.—To investigate the effects of variations of temperature upon the strength and other qualities of iron, steel, and other metals.

On Girders and Columns.—To arrange and conduct experiments to determine the laws of resistance of beams, girders, and columns to change of form and to fracture.

On Iron, malleable.—To examine and report upon the mechanical and physical properties of wrought iron.

On Iron, cast.—To consider and report upon the mechanical and physical properties of cast iron.

On Metallic Alloys.—To assume charge of a series of experiments on the characteristics of alloys, and an investigation of the laws of combination.

On Orthogonal Simultaneous Strains.—To plan and conduct a series of experiments on simultaneous orthogonal strains, with a view to the determination of laws.

On Physical Phenomena.—To make a special investigation of the physical phenomena accompanying the distortion and rupture of materials.

On Reheating and Rerolling.—To observe and to experiment upon the effects of reheating, rerolling, or otherwise reworking, of hammering as compared with rolling, and of annealing the metals.

On Steels produced by Modern Processes.—To investigate the constitution and characteristics of steels made by the Bessemer, open hearth, and other modern methods.

On Steel for Tools.—To determine the constitution and characteristics and special adaptations of steels used for tools.

As soon as the necessary machinery is completed these labors will be entered upon, and it is intended that they shall be performed with critical and scientific accuracy. Whenever the board is prepared to enter upon a more general investigation, and the testing of specimens which may be submitted to them for that purpose, due notice will be given by circular, to be accompanied by instructions relative to the preparation of specimens for test, and stating minutely the information which will be demanded previous to their acceptance.

The death of Admiral SHERARD OSBORN, the well-known arctic traveler, is announced from London under date of May 8. This distinguished officer was born in 1822, and in 1849 he went as a volunteer with the arctic expedition in search of Sir JOHN FRANKLIN. In 1862 he entered the service of the Emperor of China, and returning again to the British service, he was connected with the construction of British iron-clad vessels. Admiral OSBORN has been a constant writer on subjects connected with arctic research, and has taken very great interest in the efforts to organize the recent British expedition to that region of the globe.

We are as yet without any very reliable information in regard to the seal fisheries for the present year, and their comparison with those of 1874 and 1873. It will be remembered that the season of 1873 was extremely successful, and that of 1874 was, to a considerable extent, a failure. It is believed, however, that the reckless slaughter of this valuable animal in the Northern seas must tend toward a practical extermination or an annihilation of the great seal fisheries. According to *Land and Water*, there are sixty European vessels engaged in this pursuit—twenty-seven from Norway (of which twelve are steamers), twenty-seven steamers and a few sailing vessels from England, five German ships, one from Sweden, and one from Holland.

These vessels generally repair to the Greenland seas between Iceland and Spitzbergen, and especially the vicinity of Jan-Mayen Island, toward the middle of March. The seals pup between the middle and the 25th, at which time thousands of pregnant females may be discovered swimming about. The destruction is principally among the female parents. The young, which are too small to be of any value, are allowed to perish in immense numbers on the ice.

Efforts have been making for some time to secure the postponement of the season of capture until about the 1st of April, at which time the young seals would be of very considerable commercial value, both on account of their white coats and their fat. An international conference has been held between the governments of Great Britain, Norway, and Sweden for the regulation of this fishery, the English proposing the 5th of April as the time of beginning, while the Norwegians insist upon the 1st. A compromise on the 3d of April has been suggested.

The government printing-office has lately published the report of the explorations and surveys for the location of a ship-canal between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, through Nicaragua, in 1872 and 1873, this being accompanied by a large number of maps and diagrams showing the line of the survey and the measures proposed for the construction of the canal. The volume consists of reports by the officers who were engaged in the survey during the years named, as also those of scientific experts upon particular portions of the results, including notices of the geology, natural history, etc., together with a valuable memoir on interoceanic routes, especially across Nicaragua, by Professor J. E. NOURSE, of the United States Naval Observatory.

A very interesting and important addition to the ethnological branch of the National Museum at Washington has lately been made in the form of a large collection of objects of stone from Porto Rico. This was gathered during a period of many years by Mr. GEORGE LATIMER, an American citizen residing in that place, who spared no pains nor expense to secure whatever could be obtained from the ancient graves in the island. The most noticeable features in the series consist of about fifty oval stone rings of much the size and shape of horse-collars, all variously carved and ornamented. There are also many statuettes, carved heads, triangular stones with faces of animals carved at either end, some pottery, and numerous axes and chisels—some of exquisite beauty, and polished to the highest degree. Many of them are of the green jade so much sought after by archæologists. Numerous applications have been made and large sums of money offered by foreign museums for this collection, but Mr. LATIMER declined to give any indication as to its proposed destination, and not until after his decease, in November last, was it ascertained that he had left it to the National Museum. The collection filled twenty-six boxes and barrels. It was carefully packed by the executors and transmitted to Washington.

About twenty years ago the Smithsonian Institution published an elaborate work by Professor WILLIAM H. HARVEY, of Dublin, upon the algæ or sea-weeds of North America, a subject which has always been of popular interest, as nearly all persons who visit the sea-shore are attracted by the beauty of the floating weeds, and are induced to make collections for preservation. The publication of this work gave a renewed impetus to the study, and at the present time there are many collections in the United States, both public and private, the determinations of all being based upon the work referred to. No systematic effort, however, has been made to bring the subject up to date, although Professor D. C. EATON, of New Haven, and Professor W. G. FARLOW, of Cambridge, have been engaged in investigations looking toward a revision of the group. Professor FARLOW has, however, just published in the Proceedings of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences of Boston a new list of the species, 430 in number, and embracing about 54 additions.

No. 2, second series, of the Bulletin of the United States Geological and Geographical Survey of the Territories has several articles of much interest to naturalists. Of these the first is a monograph of the genus *Leucosticte*, or gray-crowned purple finch, by Mr. ROBERT RIDGWAY. A few years ago but one species of this genus was known to occur in the United States, a second having subsequently been added with Alaska. With the progress of investigation into the interior of the continent other forms have been discovered, so that Mr. RIDGWAY'S paper enumerates four well-marked species, one representing three distinct varieties. They are among the most beautiful of American birds, being characterized by a combination of chocolate brown, rosy red, and black, forming a highly agreeable contrast.

The second paper of the Bulletin is that upon the cranial and dental characters of Geomydæ, by Dr. ELLIOTT COUES. This is a group of animals of which the well-known pouched rat, or prairie gopher, and the so-called salamander, of Florida, are types.

The third paper is an extremely careful inquiry into the relations of the insectivorous mammals, by Professor GILL.

The fourth and last article is one upon the mollusca collected by the HAYDEN survey in 1874, furnished by Mr. ERNEST INGERSOLL, the zoologist.

The report of Mr. WILLIAM F. WHITCHER, Commissioner of Fisheries of Canada, made to the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, on the operations of his department for 1874, is, like its predecessors, a document of very great value, and especially so on account of the very full and accurate statistics of the yields of the products of the sea and the rivers of the various parts of the Dominion.

According to this report, the condition of the fisheries generally is improving, their money value in 1874 amounting to $11,681,886, or an increase of nearly $1,000,000 over that of the preceding year. This, of course, embraces fish and fish products for exportation, while ten per cent., it is thought, should be added to represent the domestic consumption. The products of British Columbia, Manitoba, and the Northwestern territories are not communicated.

Of the sum mentioned, Nova Scotia is credited with $6,652,000, New Brunswick $2,685,000, and Quebec $1,608,000, with smaller quantities for Ontario and Prince Edward Island.

The report also includes an account of what has been done in the Dominion in the way of artificial propagation of the salmon; and we are informed that there are five fish-hatching establishments now in successful operation, namely, at New Castle (Ontario), Tadousac, Gaspé, Restigouche, and at Newcastle (New Brunswick). The quantity of eggs laid down in these five establishments exceeds four millions, of which about eighty-three per cent. will probably become young fish. Similar establishments are recommended for Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, the Eastern townships, and on Detroit River, near Sandwich. A favorable place has been found near the Narrows, among the Thousand Islands, on the Canadian shore of the river St. Lawrence, for hatching and rearing such fish as bass, pickerel, and muskallonge.

Special attention is called by the Commissioner to the importance of the salmon of British Columbia and Fraser River. Acknowledgments are made to the United States Fish Commissioner for the donation of a number of eggs of the California salmon, which were hatched at the establishment at New Castle, Ontario.

Of interest to some American salmon fishermen, who resort in so great numbers to the rivers of the Dominion for the purpose of taking salmon with the rod, is a table, giving the number of captures in all the rivers in the Provinces of Quebec and New Brunswick. The largest credits are 1311 to the Restigouche, and 654 to the Nepissiguit. Next to these the Great Cascapedia furnished 418 fish, of an average weight of twenty-three and a half pounds, the largest fish weighing forty-eight and a half pounds.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

AT the present time the interest of all Boston centres on the battle of Bunker Hill, and its soon-coming Centennial celebration is the general topic of conversation among citizens. Even now throngs of visitors daily go to the Charlestown district (Charlestown being a part of Boston) to view the plain shaft that rises conspicuously from its green embankments. The surroundings are now in the first freshness and beauty of summer. Every thing seems to have been brightened up for the Centennial. The old residences on Monument Street have evidently been brushed up so as to be as attractive as possible, while still retaining their antique appearance, and in some available windows placards are seen announcing places to let from which the great 17th of June procession may be viewed. But most of these favorable locations have been disposed of for a consideration long ago. Every bookstore in the city displays a large assortment of books, maps, plans, and pictures about "Bunker Hill Monument," "The Battle of Bunker Hill," and kindred topics. Old documents of strange and curious kinds are displayed in windows; antique articles are all the fashion; even ladies are willing to be known as old, if only they are old enough to be entitled to something approximating to Centennial honors. Appropriations have been made both by Boston and by the State of Massachusetts to aid in public recognition of the day of the famous battle, and nothing will be lacking in the way of orations, processions, fire-works, brass-bands, balls,

banquets, balloon ascensions, etc., to make the 17th of June one of the grandest occasions ever witnessed in the State.

Consumers of ice may congratulate themselves that for once there is every prospect of an abundance of this luxury in the market, and at a reasonable price. All the companies have a large quantity of ice on hand, and it is to be hoped that even the poor may this season enjoy the luxury with comfortable freedom.

Strawberries plenty here, and yet the snow is not gone in some places in New England.

The recent disaster at Holyoke recalls to mind the destruction of the Church of Campania at Santiago de Chili some years ago. It was burned during the celebration of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, and over two thousand persons perished in the flames. Then, as at Holyoke, the combustible ornaments about the altar caught fire; then it was said, also, "the means of egress were utterly insufficient." The people were not only overwhelmed with grief, but with indignation, at the sacrifice of their wives, daughters, and friends—an indignation which was not assuaged even when the Chilian government ordered the edifice to be demolished.

Arrangements will soon be completed for the "all-rail route" to Long Branch. The dépôt will be about a quarter of a mile beyond Ocean Avenue, between the United States and the Pavilion hotels. Time from Jersey City to Long Branch, one hour and thirty minutes; fare, $1 50.

The conflagrations of the last week in May would form a remarkable record. Seldom have so many disastrous fires clustered in so brief a time. A hundred and twenty families burned out in St. John, New Brunswick; the largest fire Worcester, Massachusetts, has known for years; the fearful Holyoke holocaust; the business portion of Great Bend, Pennsylvania, destroyed; a great conflagration at Springfield, Massachusetts; and other less important calamities of the same kind.

A "Tichborne case" has turned up in Russia. The claimant in the case, on appeal from the decision of the first court which tried the cause, has been awarded half the inheritance.

Chicago has started a Danish-Norwegian paper, name, the *Hejmdal*.

An auction sale of autographs took place in Paris a short time ago, at which some of the most important brought the following prices: Balzac, 150 francs; Beaumarchais, 90 francs; Lucretia Borgia, 205 francs; Bossuet, 165 francs; Camille Desmoulins, 100 francs; Fénelon, 175 francs; Fouquier-Tinville, 120 francs; François II., first husband of Mary Stuart, 200 francs; Franklin, 100 francs; Greuze, 200 francs; Lafontaine, 545 francs; Louis XIV., 100 francs; Marat, 102 francs; Melanchthon, 160 francs; Montesquieu, 200 francs; Peter the Great, 154 francs; Madame De Pompadour, 165 francs; Racine, 250 francs; Robespierre, 120 francs; Scarron, 230 francs; Voltaire, 100 francs; Washington, 220 francs; and Weber, 115 francs.

The asylum which has been selected for Mrs. Lincoln, in the hope of alleviating the terrible malady with which she is afflicted, is known as the "Cincinnati Sanitarium," situated in the suburban village of "College Hill," on the Mount Pleasant road, some six miles from the Probasco Fountain, Cincinnati. The grounds and buildings were originally appropriated for female educational purposes, under the name of "Ohio Female College." The grounds are about 300 feet front, and embrace seventeen acres, covered with grasses, trees, shrubberies, walks, arbors, and lakes. The main building is reached through a long avenue shaded with trees and margined with grasses. It is of brick, four stories high, about 100 feet front by 100 deep. The architecture is Gothic in style and elaborate in execution. The premises give no indication that they are for lunatic purposes. The rooms of the institution are elegantly furnished and admirably served, especially those in the department to which Mrs. Lincoln has been assigned. No needless restraint will be imposed upon her, and a special attendant will accompany her about the grounds and in the village, where she has many friends. In the largest and wealthiest church in the town is a memorial tablet, with this inscription, "In memory of our martyred President, Abraham Lincoln." It is hoped that under skillful treatment Mrs. Lincoln may recover her health in a few months, and be returned to her friends.

In London, in a thoroughfare surrounded by a dense poor population, a substantial building has been erected as a People's Café. The house is divided into several spacious apartments, neatly fitted up, well lighted and ventilated. The table furniture is tasteful and substantial; and tea, coffee, and viands of excellent quality are served at prices ranging from one penny to sixpence. Billiard and bagatelle rooms are provided, and there are also to be a reading-room and library.

Carbolic acid, ten drops to a pint of water, is mentioned as a cure for earth-worms in pots. It also seems to benefit the plants.

A murderer in Georgia, named Hooper, was recently condemned to death. When he was taken to prison after the sentence his hair was perfectly black. The next morning the keeper of the prison observed that part of his hair, that on the crown of his head, was changed to a snowy white—the effect of one night's agony.

The cathedral at Cologne is to receive a present from the Emperor William of a monster bell. It has just been cast at Frankenthal out of French guns captured in 1870. This bell is the largest in the empire, being twelve feet in height and seventeen in diameter, and weighing over fifty thousand pounds.

An English professor declared a while ago that Dr. Tyndall was too ignorant of mathematics to discuss the origin of life. Whereupon Tyndall submits a parchment signed by the professor twenty-two years ago which certifies that he was "well versed in pure mathematics."

It is related of the famous actor Mathews that he once attended a dinner party at the house of a wealthy man, where neither host, hostess, nor any of the guests knew how to promote conversation. With the dessert came an army of young children, who were arranged according to their size on each side of their mother. Still the conversation flagged, and the eyes of all were fixed upon the unhappy comedian. At length the lady of the house, in her eagerness to have her darlings amused, turning to Mathews, said, "Oh, dear Mr. Mathews, pray begin to be funny, for the children soon must go to bed." This was the climax; so, pleading indisposition, Mathews made his escape from the party as soon as he could.

It is a curious fact that a tract of country which includes the popular sea-side resort, Long Branch, was once sold for a barrel of cider! In 1670 this section—then nameless—which also includes Shrewsbury and Eatontown, was in possession of the Indians, but was purchased of them by one Lewis Morris for the satisfactory consideration above mentioned.

Misunderstandings are a fruitful source of unkindly feelings. Better pass a dozen intended insults without notice than to take offense at one unintentional neglect.

A wealthy citizen of Cincinnati has donated $50,000 to be employed in adorning Fifth Street opposite the new public buildings. The plan which meets the donor's approval is a gigantic watch-tower, with the base so constructed as to fit it for a public forum. The tower will be of granite and freestone, and rise to a height of 168 feet. The clock will be 100 feet above the base, and sixty feet higher the look-out for the fire-alarm. A spiral staircase will be made from the bottom to the top of the shaft, and a short distance above the ground will be a balcony for public speaking.

One of the most successful bazars on record was one recently held for the Children's Hospital of Manchester, England. The total receipts were over £21,549.

Some genius with a turn for figures has estimated that the annual loss of the stock of gold in the world by "wear and tear" amounts to about $15,000,000.

The first camp-meeting on the "Thousand Island Park" will commence on the 21st of July, and continue fourteen days. This camp ground is located midway between Clayton and Alexandria Bay, six miles from either place, on the St. Lawrence River, in the county of Jefferson and State of New York, and five miles from Gananoque and twenty miles from Kingston, Canada. The work of putting the grounds of the park in order is going forward with dispatch. A large dining-hall is being constructed, which will embrace facilities for first-class cooking; and board and lodging on the grounds can be secured at a low rate.

Three years ago an American actor named Blackford was lost in attempting to ascend Mont Blanc without guides. Swiss newspapers state that his body, perfectly preserved, was recently found in an immense block of ice that fell from the mountain.

Among the divers and sundry imported articles consumed in this country during the year 1874 were 1,636,335 pounds of arsenic, 789,787 pounds of camphor, 116,053 pounds of jalap, 26,202 pounds of ipecac, and 297,213 pounds of nux vomica. The only wonder is that any body is left to tell the tale.

"Earwreckonsileabil" was the way a youth of Pennsylvania spelled the word given out at a "match." We leave the puzzle for our readers to guess.

Many of our readers will be interested to know definitely what countries are included in the General Postal Union formed by the Treaty of Berne. They are as follows: the United States, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Belgium, Denmark (including Iceland and the Faroe Islands), Egypt, Spain (including the Balearic Isles, the Canary Islands, the Spanish possessions on the northern coast of Africa, and the postal establishment of Spain on the northern coast of Morocco), Great Britain (including Malta), Greece, Italy, Luxembourg, Norway, the Netherlands, Portugal (including Madeira and the Azores), Roumania, Russia (including Finland), Servia, Sweden, Switzerland, and Turkey. The adhesion of France to the union takes effect January 1, 1876, on which date the whole of Egypt and Asiatic Turkey will be included in the union. After July 11, 1875, the following uniform rates of postage will be levied and collected in the United States to and from the extent of the Postal Union, France being excepted for the first six months: for prepaid letters, five cents per fifteen grams (half ounce); for unpaid letters received, ten cents per fifteen grams; for postal cards, two cents each; for newspapers under four ounces, two cents each; books and other printed matter, patterns, merchandise, legal and commercial documents, pamphlets, music, visiting-cards, photographs, catalogues, prospectuses, etc., two cents for each two ounces or fraction thereof; for registration fee in all correspondence, eight cents; no fee will be charged on return receipts for registered articles.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

JUNE.

Sunday,	20.—Fourth Sunday after Trinity.
Thursday,	24.—Nativity of St. John the Baptist.
Sunday,	27.—Fifth Sunday after Trinity.
Tuesday,	29.—St. Peter.

JULY.

Sunday,	4.—Sixth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	11.—Seventh Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	18.—Eighth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	25.—St. James; Ninth Sunday after Trinity.

A MOVEMENT is in progress for the establishment of a National Church in Italy. Many priests, members of the Parliament, and literary and working men have recently held a meeting in Naples for its promotion. Of this meeting the correspondent of the London *Times* says: "After certain formalities, the *Veni Creator Spiritus* and *Deus qui Corda Fidelium* were sung, and the votes were then taken for the election of the first bishop of the 'Catholic National Italian Church,' of his coadjutor, and of his vicar-general. The hall, a very large one, which was used on the occasion was crowded with persons of all ranks of society, not drawn together by mere curiosity, but by a deeply felt interest in the event, as was proved by the result. The number of votes given amounted to 2739, of which 1061 were deposited in the urn by persons who were present. The others were placed there by Signor PAURA, the secretary-general of the *Società Emancipatrice*, which had been confided to him by members in various parts of Southern Italy, from Foggia down to Syracuse." Monsignor DOMINICO PANELLI, Archbishop of Lydda, was elected first bishop of the Catholic National Italian Church, Canon TRABUCCO bishop-coadjutor, and the priest PROTA-GUIRLEO vicar-general. Forty communes were represented. The movement, it is said, extends to Naples, Salerno, Palermo, Messina, Syracuse, and other cities of Southern Italy.

The lax laws of Indiana in relation to marriage and divorce are very far from harmonizing with the resolutions adopted by the (German) Reformed Synod, which has been in session at Fort Wayne, in that State. The Synod takes strong ground:

"*Resolved*, That the marriage bond entered into under the administration of the state or church is indissoluble except by natural death.

"*Resolved*, That, while regarding the divorces granted by the state as valid as far as temporalities are concerned, we do hereby direct the various pastors and judicatories of the Reformed Church in the United States to give no validity in their spiritual discipline to any divorce except such as has been granted upon the ground of adultery by one or both parties in the marriage."

The entrance of the Pope upon his eighty-fourth year was celebrated by his friends with great ceremony. The *Unita Cattolica* appeared printed in sky-blue ink, and the *Voce della Verita* in an ornamented double border. A deputation of Germans presented the Pope an address with a million signatures, contained in eighteen volumes. Rich presents were not wanting. PIUS is represented to be in the very best health.

The Rev. JAMES HOUSTON ECCLESTON, D.D., has been elected Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Iowa. He is a native of Baltimore, and a graduate of Princeton College. For some time past he has been rector of the Church of the Holy Saviour in Philadelphia.

A brief account has already been given in this Intelligence of the ladies' temperance crusade in the city of Calcutta. Recent advices from India show that it has been very effective. The plan of the ladies has been to go out on Sunday after church service in bands of five or six to the streets where the sailors' resorts abound, and entering the saloons to sing, with the permission of the landlords, a Christian hymn, followed by addresses and personal appeals. The landlords have so far been very civil, and as to the sailors, the following stories are told by a correspondent: "It is touching to see the tears in their eyes while they say, 'I've been to sea for many years, and never been spoken to by a lady like this before;' or, as one did lately, 'Well, I should like to have a picture of this place as it is, with you all sitting down and talking with us poor sailors.' Another remarked, 'This is a queer place to come and talk about religion in. I wonder you're not afraid to come—afraid of being insulted.'" This work of philanthropy is under the direction of ladies whose social position secures them both protection and courtesy.

The Pope is both witty and keen to notice any failure to observe in his presence the customary forms. Recently some persons at an audience remaining silent when he addressed them, and standing when they should have knelt, he said, smiling, "The last addition to the statues of the Vatican collection." The forms at a papal reception are suitable only for those who acknowledge the Pope's spiritual headship.

The report gains currency that the Catholic bishops of Prussia will dissolve those religious orders which are expressly exempted from the operation of the law of suppression. Already they are disposing of monastic property, so as to place it beyond the reach of the state.

The Irish Synod adjourned on Friday, May 14, after a continuous session of thirty-one days. The debates on the revision of the Prayer-book were long and earnest, and the results not harmonious. During one of the closing sessions Archbishop TRENCH declared that if the action of the Synod was adhered to, "he would have no choice but to decline making any use of a Prayer-book which contained a mutilated Athanasian Creed." A proposal has already been made to erect a church in Dublin in which the old Prayer-book shall be used; Dr. PUSEY has subscribed £50 and Canon LIDDON £100 toward it. At the instance of the Bishop of Meath, the Synod adopted, as a part of the preface to the new book, the following paragraph:

"With respect to the Athanasian Creed, commonly so called, we have retained it unaltered among our formularies, but we have directed that only that part of it which is, strictly speaking, a confession of faith shall be recited on certain days instead of the Apostles' Creed, declaring nevertheless that in this order it is not our meaning to withdraw the witness which the Church is ever bound to bear (and which we here solemnly bear) *to the necessity of faith in the Holy Trinity and the Incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to the obligation* which lies on every man, as he regards his everlasting salvation, to acquaint himself, according to his ability, with all that God has revealed, and to accept with faith and humility whatever shall be sufficiently proposed to him out of the Word of God, and proved by clear and certain warrant of Scripture."

The Baptist anniversaries began, according to announcement, on Wednesday, May 26, at the church corner of Broad and Arch streets, Philadelphia, with the meeting of the Missionary Union. The report announced a total of 139 missionaries in the foreign fields, aided by 973 native preachers, 744 churches, and 55,567 members. The missionaries in Asia are 135; native preachers, 547; churches, 395; members, 24,178. In Germany there are 270 native preachers, 103 churches, and 19,997 members; in Sweden, 129 native preachers, 221 churches, and 10,075 members; in France, 12 native preachers, 8 churches, and 548 members; in Spain, 2 missionaries, 4 native preachers, 4 churches, and 244 members; in Greece, 2 missionaries and 1 native preacher; in Africa, 10 native preachers, 10 churches, and 525 members. The collections, as has been already stated in this Intelligence, fall $20,000 short of those of the year 1873–74. The Rev. Dr. BARNAS SEARS was elected president of the Union for the coming year.

The American Unitarian Association celebrated its semi-centennial on Tuesday, May 24, in Boston. Its object is the diffusion of Unitarian principles by means of the press. The receipts during the year were over $57,000, expenditures, $55,674. Among the addresses, one was delivered by the Rev. H. W. FOOTE, on "A Half-Century of Unitarian Literature." One of the notable facts mentioned by the secretary was that the "Rev. RALPH WALDO EMERSON once declined an invitation to become a missionary." That must have been a long time ago.

In Oviedo, Spain, a Protestant pastor was recently insulted, assailed with stones, and pursued through the principal streets of the town. The previous evening stones had been thrown at the pastor's house by the populace, led by two fanatical women. The rioters were dispersed by the authorities. It is a striking proof of the utter want of education among Roman Catholics that these acts of violence are constantly occurring in all papal countries. In Mexico recently a dangerous insurrection was excited because the government had broken up a convent of "female politicians." The nuns, it seems, had plotted treason.

The Presbyterian General Assembly has adopted with great unanimity a final expression in relation to fraternal correspondence with the Southern Presbyterian Church. We place it here as useful for reference:

"*Resolved*, That this Assembly deeply regrets that negotiations in reference to fraternal correspondence have failed; that the Assembly deems it inexpedient to press the question of fraternal relations at present by further negotiations through the appointment of another committee. At the same time the Assembly avails itself of this opportunity to affirm unequivocally its confidence in the integrity and Christian character of our brethren of the Southern Church, and to declare that all acts and deliverances of the Northern Assembly of which they complain are wholly null and void, and of no binding efficacy as judgments of the Church we represent, or as rules of proceedings for the presbyteries and church sessions; and that, in so far as they or any of them can be supposed to impart any injurious imputations on the present character and standing of the churches and members of the Southern Assemblage as Christians and Presbyterians, such an application of them would be unjust to them, and would be disapproved and regretted by us; and further, to re-affirm explicitly, in harmony with the repeated and emphatic deliverances of former Assemblies, our hearty willingness and our earnest and sincere desire for the re-establishment of fraternal relations between the two bodies on terms and conditions which shall be mutually honorable and in the spirit of Christian hearty forbearance and brotherly love; and that we await in charity and hope the early coming of the day when we shall again mingle with our brethren of the Southern Church in Christian fellowship and co-operation."

The International Convention of Young Men's Christian Associations, which has already been noticed, was a great success. The 30th of May, the day after the close of the business sessions, was wholly spent in devotional exercises, which lasted till late in the night. Meetings were held in the penitentiary, parks, and places of resort in the streets. The social intercourse between the representatives of the North and the South was very harmonious. The next Convention will be held in Toronto.

The secret administrator of the Archbishopric of Posen and Gnesen turns out to be the Bishop of Breslau, who has retired to the Austrian part of his diocese. The police were on the alert to arrest him as he approached the frontier of Prussia, but he eluded their vigilance.—The death is announced of Dr. HEINRICH HOFSTÄTTER, Bishop of Passau. He had occupied the see for thirty-six years.

The *National Church* for May explains the reason why English Churchmen so earnestly oppose such measures of reform as Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN's Burials Bill. It is claimed that the church-yard is the freehold of the incumbent of the parish for the time being, who is a corporation sole. He holds the church-yard by the same title by which he holds his church. If his right to the one is invaded, so may his right to the other be invaded. If Dissenters can perform religious worship at a grave, so may they demand to perform worship in the rector's pulpit. But while this debate goes on, the scandals multiply; as, for instance, the following:

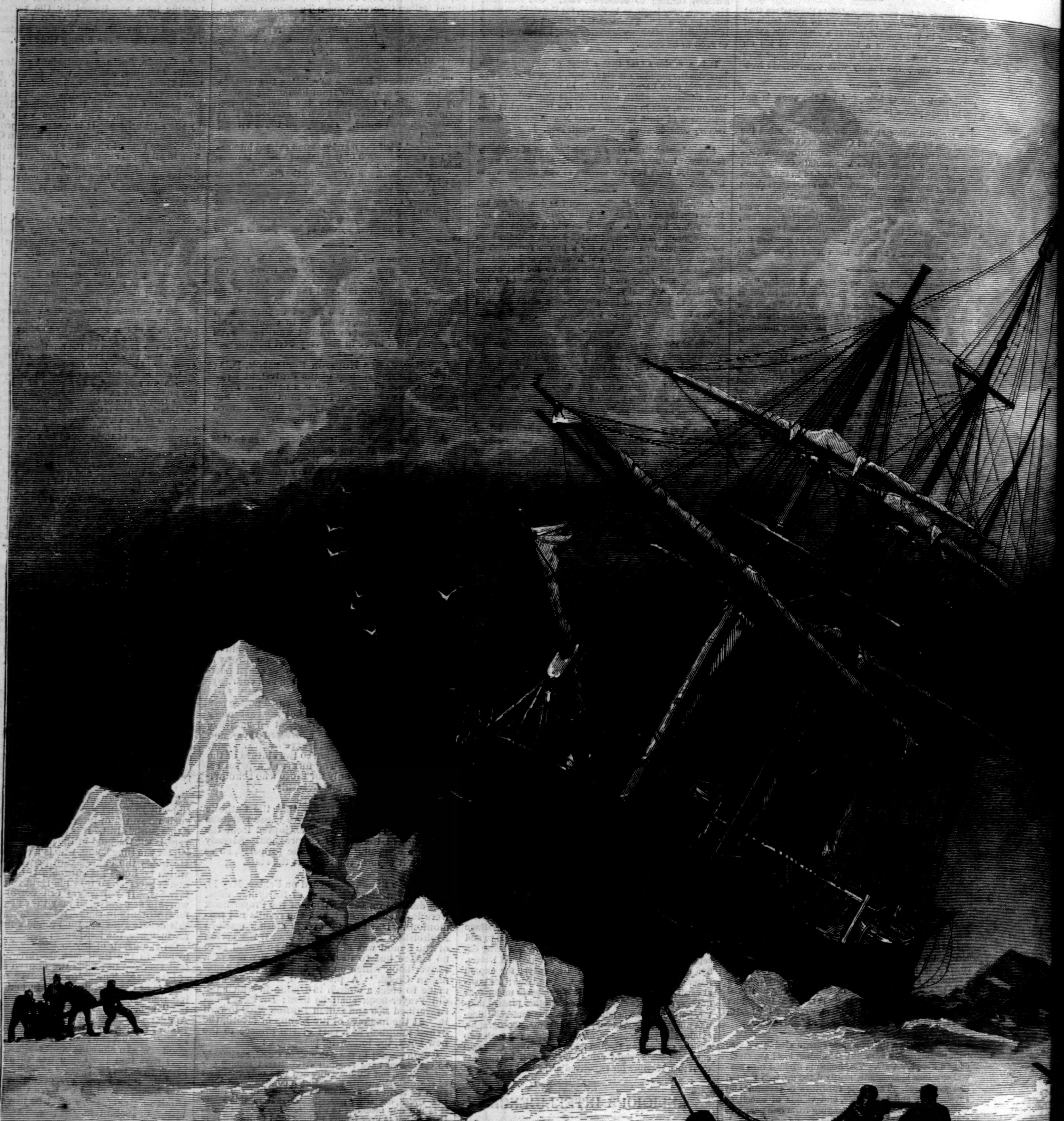
On the death of Baron PIGOTT, his sons, who belong to the Plymouth Brethren, gave notice that they did not wish the church service read at his grave. The rector, however, met the procession at the church-yard gate, and began reading the words "I am the resurrection and the life," etc., when he was requested to stop. Amidst some excitement, the solicitor of the PIGOTT family protested in the name of the executors against the reading. The rector had the good sense to close his book and leave. One report says that the coffin was thrown into the grave in a very unseemly manner; but this is denied. Such scenes are occurring in England very frequently of late. Even Churchmen now admit that concession must be made to the demands of Dissenters.

The American Baptist Publication Society received during the past year $421,981. Of this sum $310,343 were the proceeds of sales. The total number of publications on the society's catalogue is 1156.

The death is announced of CLAUDE HENRI AUGUSTIN PLANTIER, Archbishop of Nismes, in France. He was a zealous infallibilist.

Much comment has been excited by the speech of Count MÜNSTER, the German embassador, at the National Club, London. This club is decidedly Protestant in its character, and numbers among its members many notable men. He claimed that the policy of his government was not what its enemies wanted to make out—a series of acts of tyranny, or a war against Roman Catholicism—but it was a design on the part of the state to protect its subjects, and to secure liberty of conscience. In all countries in Europe the same struggle was going on to some extent. "There are," his Excellency said, "countries which feel themselves safe, but which, I fear, are not so safe as they think. I hope that struggle will be spared to this country for some time, but I think you had better look out in time. I think you see in Ireland what is going on; I think you have not to look too far to see what is preparing, and what will be the case, in this country."

The count expressed his confidence that the Emperor and BISMARCK would finish the work which they had undertaken.



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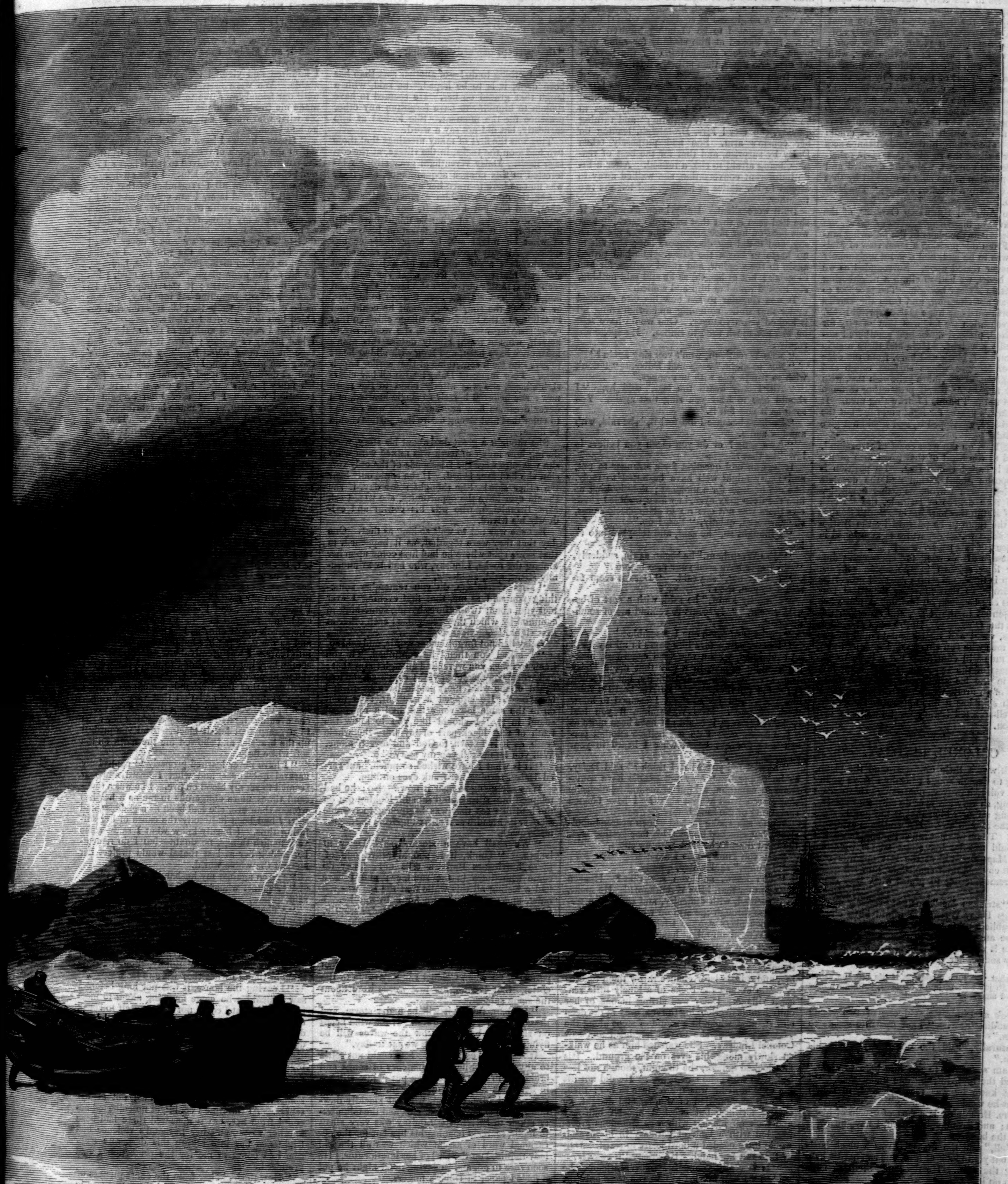


OF THE DEVIL'S THUMB.—[See Page 502.]

AN ICE NIP IN MELVILLE BAY.

Our arctic pictures will be pleasantly suggestive of coolness in the sultry weather now upon us. Perhaps some of our readers would like to take a run with the dog-sledges over the great fields of ice, whose character is so admirably rendered in our Supplement picture. How would they enjoy taking a "nip" in Melville Bay, with the men whose ship, in our double-page illustration, is lifted high out of the water by the enormous pressure of the crowding, heaving ice? The pack having come down on the land ice, the vessel heaves and shakes to the tremendous pressure until she is lifted by the floes and firmly imbedded in the ice, which forms a perfect cradle under her. The iceberg in the mid-distance acts as a barrier against the rushing floe, giving shelter to a friendly consort, while the dreaded and dangerous position of the ship is marked by that monument of many a wrecked whaler, "The Devil's Thumb."

The late Admiral Sherard Osborn, of the English navy, in his *Stray Leaves of an Arctic Journal*, describes the place in the following language: "From our position a good view of Melville Bay was to be had, and a more melancholy one eye never rested upon. Surrounded as we were with bergs, we had to climb a neighboring mass to obtain a clear horizon. The prospect to leeward was not cheering, and from the Devil's Thumb northward one huge glacier spread itself. The first sensation we felt was that of pity for the poor land, pressed down and smothered under so deadly a weight. Here and there a strip of cliff protruded, black and bare, from the edge of the mer-de-glace, whose surface, rough and unpleasing, was of a sombre yellowish tint, with occasional masses of basalt protruding through it, like the uplifted hands of drowning men. It seemed Earth's prayer for light and life; but the ice, shroud-like, enveloped it, and would not give up the dead."

Melville Bay, on the west coast of Greenland, is situated at the head of that great arm of the sea which is called Baffin Bay. Its position is nearly opposite Jones Sound and the desolate shore called North Devon. Farther north, beyond the 76th degree of latitude, the "North Water" of Baffin Bay narrows into Smith Sound, which is the route to be pursued by the British discovery ships whose departure is mentioned in another part of this paper.

The crews will not want for amusement during their long sojourn in the arctic regions. Each ship is furnished with theatrical properties and wardrobe, so that amateur theatrical performances can be given on board. A piano has been presented to the *Alert*, and an organ put on board the *Discovery*. Both crews abound in musicians, vocal and instrumental; and this is well, for men who can sing a good song and play a merry tune will contribute not a little to the cheerfulness of the sequestered little company, isolated in the ice amidst the thick perpetual darkness of an arctic winter. In addition to all this, each ship has a fine apparatus for games, and a well-selected library for amusement and instruction.

COLONEL LINDSAY.

There was a little crowd around the piano, listening to Scotch songs sung by a fresh young voice, a voice, however, not remarkable except for suiting, as very few ever do suit, that elusive, underlying minor which makes the peculiar pathos of the Scotch airs. Her audience evidently felt this. There was not much loud applause, but they would not let her stop; people who had cried "Magnificent!" at the last operatic roulade that covered their small-talk, now sat quiet, hardly remembering to praise what they really felt.

The "stricken deer" was not precisely one of the songs Daisy Wrentham would have chosen for so public a performance, but she did not care to refuse an old man's request, and singing it, she gave it with all the simple fervor that made the very soul of her voice.

"Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
Through joy and through torment, through honor and shame?"

"Look at Lindsay," said one of two young men standing near. "That doctrine seems to suit him."

"Naturally," said the other, dryly, "in his position."

"I am surprised to see him here to-night," resumed the first, in the same under-tone. "I did not know he was received, and, in fact, I thought he would go nowhere."

"Mrs. Bromleigh is a sort of cousin of his, I believe; and Bromleigh himself, I have heard, is one of the believers."

"Well," said the first, "it was a black business; but yet to look at him, one can hardly help pitying the man. He does not seem to have thriven on it."

"No; he looks a good ten years more than his age."

It was only a little while that he had been there, only since Daisy Wrentham began that song about the stricken deer. Then he had pressed forward to get a view of the singer's face, and once seen, he stood watching it, seeming to read there every one of the mournfully passionate words before he heard them spoken. Was it a mere musical sympathy, he asked himself, that made her so suit herself to the song, or was it not rather that the song, *that* song, suited *her?* He clung to this belief; he told himself, even eagerly, that the same spirit breathed in both—a spirit strong yet clinging, brave in devotion; she sang like that from something that went deeper than the feeling of the moment.

While she sang she had been too much absorbed to notice any thing outside, but stopping, she felt at once the gaze fixed on her. She looked up, and her look went straight to the man who stood by himself, taller than most of those about him. The two faces regarded each other, hers at once calm and ardent, his worn and restless, yet with a singleness of soul in the wistful dark eyes that seemed to be claiming kindred with her. She looked at him steadily for some moments, her fingers wandering over the keys in soft arpeggio notes, then struck a final chord and rose from the piano.

She was standing alone, a few moments later, in a window recess, when a voice behind startled her with the words, "Colonel Lindsay begs to be presented to Miss Wrentham;" and turning quickly, she faced Mrs. Bromleigh, leaning on her cousin's arm. She had purposely taken Daisy by surprise, and that for the best of reasons, being afraid to risk a refusal. After a little indifferent conversation, she walked away to attend to her duties as hostess, and left the two together.

Both were silent. Daisy knew as well as if she had seen it that that strange, searching look was bent on her face again. She was not at all shy, and it did not discompose her; she felt in no haste to break the pause. She had turned again to the window, and stood waiting for him to speak; but at length, as he still said nothing, she looked round at him and smiled.

It was singular to see how his face changed under that smile, softening and brightening till it looked years younger. One would have said he was not much used to smiles. He spoke abruptly:

"Miss Wrentham, won't you sing again?"

"Not to-night," answered Daisy. "I don't wish to tire people with love-songs."

"Ah, I only heard the last," said he. "I should like to hear you sing that again. You sang as if you felt it."

"Perhaps because I did feel it," she said, with another smile.

"As a song? or do you mean you believe in love like that?"

It was an odd question for a stranger to put, and Daisy might well have hesitated to reply. She did hesitate for a moment; then looking up into the deep gray eyes, in whose troubled shadows there was not one ray of self-consciousness, she answered, quietly, "Yes, I do."

"I thought so," he said, and relapsed into silence.

"Miss Wrentham," he began again, suddenly, "can I ever have seen your face before?"

"I think not," she said. "Does it seem familiar to you, then?"

"I hardly know," he said, with a sort of bewilderment. "It seems to remind me of something—"

"Perhaps of some one I resemble?"

"I never saw a face like yours in all my life," he exclaimed, with a repressed eagerness, looking straight at her, in a way that made Daisy drop her eyes, not from timidity, but a feeling she could not analyze. "I never heard a voice like yours, and yet to-night I seemed to know them at once. Miss Wrentham, if you had spoken my name, it could not have been more as if you called me; I do not believe another person here to-night heard what I heard in your singing."

"Shall I tell you what I think?" said Daisy, as he stopped. "May not people have something in common, a kind of mental relationship that asserts itself at first sight? I have fancied something of the kind before."

While she spoke he had drawn nearer impulsively, but checked himself, his face getting back the hard lines as he said, with an effort,

"Do you know—*who* I am?"

"I know," said Daisy, quietly.

"You know, and you say that? Heaven bless you for that, Miss Wrentham!" He spoke, as it seemed, with difficulty, and she saw a tremor pass through the arm on which he leaned.

Chance plays strange tricks with some lives. Daisy Wrentham might have gone through half a dozen London seasons without ever meeting Colonel Lindsay. As it was, chance brought them face to face in her single week of town life, and a little later chance threw them together again among the rocks of a lonely little sea-coast village. Daisy was sitting in one of her daily haunts overlooking the sea, gray in the deep cliff shadow, when, at a sound of steps along the jagged pathway, she turned her head and saw Colonel Lindsay. She watched him as he walked slowly along, his eyes on the ground. His face looked quieter, she thought, though not less sad, than when she saw it first. He did not lift his eyes until he was quite close to her; then, with an exclamation of wonder and delight, he sprang forward, but checked himself half-way and took off his hat with a ceremonious greeting, but with a look of entreaty in his eyes it would have needed a hard heart to resist. Daisy held out her hand. He grasped it eagerly.

"It is really yourself, Miss Wrentham?" he said. "I half fancied at first you were only the ghost of my own thoughts as I came along."

"I am a ghost often to be seen in this spot," said Daisy. "I like to come here, there is such a delicious feeling of being out of the world. To tell the truth, I have always had an odd feeling for the sea, half love, half—something that is not quite fear, but a kind of dread, a sort of magnetic attraction and repulsion together. I suppose superstitious people," she added, with a smile, "would say it was a presentiment of my fate."

"And that would be a dreadful thought to you?" he asked, watching her.

"Miss Wrentham," he continued, abruptly, after a silence, "if you care to live, *don't* care to. It is the pleasant rule of contraries. Death hunts out people that are too happy to remember him, and holds off from those who are looking out for him to come."

"Death comes when we are ready," said Daisy.

"You think so? And suppose one were something more than ready? Suppose one were so tired of waiting as to take his life in his hand and go half-way—all to no use? What would you say then?"

"I should say," answered Daisy, quietly, "that perhaps one had something yet to do with his life."

"Something to do!—of another sort than has been done, it is to be hoped," he said, with a laugh that grated on her. He seemed to have spoken to himself—to have forgotten any other presence for the moment. She looked at him earnestly, but did not say a word.

This was the first of many meetings that these two had—on the rocks, in the village, at the cottage itself. Daisy Wrentham grew strongly interested in this chance acquaintance, and there was no one here to warn her against it.

She thought about him a good deal, and in what, had she but known it, was a dangerous way. She thought of what he might have been like before that blight had fallen on his youth, of what he might still be under happier auspices. Already her companionship seemed to have brought a sunshine into his existence that changed him strangely from what she had first seen him; and now, when she heard the genial laugh that had so long been foreign to his lips, or watched the simple enjoyment he could find in talking to the barefooted village children that came straying over the beach, she would say to herself, what a fresh, kindly nature this man's must once have been, and long with all her heart to give him back something of that earlier happiness. Poor innocent Daisy! with all her clear-sightedness, she was utterly blind to the truth now; she believed herself so single-hearted, and never dreamed how another feeling was coming to color that first strong desire that justice should be done.

She thought a great deal about his story, wondering how much of truth was mixed with what she was sure were the falsehoods of the only version she had ever heard. If she could only hear the other side! She thought some day, if she should ever have the opportunity, she would ask Mrs. Bromleigh, who was his cousin and evidently his friend.

But she was not to wait so long as that. One day that they were together, as it happened, in that same spot where he had first come upon her among the rocks, Lindsay, who had been unusually silent, said, suddenly,

"Miss Wrentham, do you remember something you said to me, that first evening I ever met you, about two natures having something in common by which they recognized each other at first sight?"

Daisy had not forgotten her words, and said so.

"I asked you then," he continued, "if you knew to *whom* you were kind enough to say that; and when you answered yes, I supposed you had heard of me what most people have heard and believe—" He stopped a moment, then went on in the same low voice that had a repressed sound in it, "I should like you to know the truth of that black part of my life—the whole truth, as it is known to God and myself alone. Will you let me tell you my story?"

"It is what I have wished so much," answered Daisy, turning her frank eyes on him.

Was she going to hear it now? No; he had relapsed into silence, and sat still, looking out on the lead-like sea that was beginning to tremble all over its breadth as if stirred up from the depths underneath.

"We shall have a storm," said Daisy at length. "Think, if it should prove one of those hurricanes Barbara tells of! They do come sometimes in the summer; and I have had a feeling all this while that the sea was too quiet, and would make up for it by-and-by. I believe I am nervous," she concluded, abruptly, with what was a very nervous little laugh. "I shall go home, and set myself nodding over one of auntie's old books, and get the storm out of my head."

But the recipe did not seem to have worked perfectly, for when Colonel Lindsay came to the cottage that evening her first words were about the same subject.

"Barbara thinks it will be a dry storm, and those, she says, are the worst. If the wind keeps on rising so, by to-morrow the waves will be flying over the place where we sat to-day."

It seemed to excite her. She could not settle to any thing. She sang snatches of songs and broke off in the middle; she put a few stitches in her work and let it drop again from her fingers. Old Mrs. Carden, who sat placidly dawdling over her knitting as usual, had the talk pretty much to herself, for Lindsay was very silent to-night, scarcely opening his lips but for the occasional word of assent which was all the old lady required on the part of her interlocutor. He soon rose to go, and in saying good-night he put a folded paper in Daisy's fingers.

"I could tell it better so," was all he said, and with that he went away.

Daisy took the paper to her own room and opened it eagerly. It began abruptly:

"This is a miserable story for you to hear; but you have heard it in some sort before, and I want you to know exactly how far I am guilty of what has been laid to my charge. I am going to tell you the whole, as I have never yet told it to any human being.

"When my regiment came home from India, seven years ago, I was but twenty-two. It seems difficult to fancy, looking at what I have become; but trouble ages a man, you must remember. I was gay, careless, light-hearted—every thing that I am not now; and, fresh from the exile of India, ready to plunge into all the pleasures that waited for my return. I did plunge into them deeply enough; but though the life I led was foolish and extravagant, and wrong, no doubt, in its utter uselessness, still there was very little that was vicious about it.

"One day I made the acquaintance of a man named Kincaid. He was of extremely prepossessing appearance and manners, and he showed himself so cordial toward me that we soon became intimate. He was five or six years older than I, and his influence over me was strengthened by his greater knowledge of the world, which I admired and yielded to. We became inseparable. We were seen every where together, until our friendship came to be a by-word. He made me free of his house, too, introduced me to his wife, who was as earnest in her welcome as he had been.

"Heaven knows I have no wish to excuse myself at the expense of the dead; but the truth is the truth, and I have resolved to tell it here: I do not believe that George Kincaid was an honorable man. From all I remember of that time, from all I learned later, I am convinced that he deliberately set his wife to use all her fascinations to encourage my visits, for they were profitable to him. Night after night have I sat down in that house to high play such as I never risked elsewhere. And he was the winner. I do not mean to call him dishonorable for this, however. So far as the mere playing went, he used, I believe, no unfair means; it was simply that he was continually beguiling me into play, knowing as he did all the while that his superior skill enabled him to win when he chose.

"But I suspected nothing of this at the time. I had plenty of money; I lost it recklessly and thought no more about it. The excitement of the game pleased me, I liked Kincaid's society, and—I do not deny it—I had taken a boy's foolish fancy for his wife. She was the only very beautiful woman I had ever been brought in daily contact with, and I made her forthwith into a goddess, and fell down at her feet. That was all. As for any thought of seeking a return, it never occurred to me; the possibility, I believe, would have shocked me, apart from the abuse of my friend's confidence, as something unnatural; it was to be a one-sided feeling, all worship on my part and unconsciousness on hers. Romantic nonsense, of course, but nothing more. I have learned since what real love is, and I know that it is very unlike what I felt then. Well, as time passed on I went more and more to the house, and we were much together. I used to read to her, listen to her singing, sit and look at her, but still there was not a word spoken between us that Kincaid himself might not have heard—until one day. Something had happened to prevent my going there the evening before, as I had intended, and I called in the morning to explain. Kincaid had gone out, but I saw her. She struck me at once as looking unlike herself, and as she gave me her hand she suddenly burst into tears. I was greatly distressed, and tried to soothe her, but only seemed to make her worse; she went on excitedly sobbing that she was very wretched, that her husband sometimes treated her very unkindly, and that that very morning, in a fit of anger at my failing to come the previous evening, he had ended by catching her wrist in a grasp that left it black. And she pushed up the bracelet and showed me the mark on the soft white flesh.

"I have never learned properly to control my natural quickness, and what I heard and saw seemed to set my blood on fire. She was a thousand times more dangerous to me as a helpless woman than ever she had been as a goddess, and then *I* had been indirectly the cause of her suffering thus. I hardly know what I said—some very foolish things, no doubt—but I do remember telling her at last that I would protect her against the whole world.

"'Even against my husband?' she asked.

"'Against whoever dares use you cruelly,' I said.

"'Then, if I take refuge with you, you will not drive me away?' she asked again.

"'Never!' I exclaimed, not in the least dreaming of any special meaning in what was said.

"They were almost our last words together, and I remember them distinctly, though I little thought then to what they were to lead.

"Leaving the house, it was not long before I saw Kincaid, who came hurrying along to meet me. I felt that I could not trust myself to speak to him just then, and turned short out of his way down a side street. I did not see him again that day.

"That same evening I was just about quitting my lodgings, when a carriage dashed up to the door, and a minute later, to my unspeakable consternation, Mrs. Kincaid entered the room. She seemed half fainting, and terrified out of her senses. At the time I could get no collected account from her, but it appeared there had been another scene, and her husband's violence had frightened her into taking this desperate step. She had come to me for the protection I had promised.

"How to shield her from the consequences of her rashness was the first thought. She was in no condition to hear reason. To my assurances that I would not desert her if she would but let me take her to some more fitting place, she replied only by hysterical sobs and entreaties to be allowed to stay in safety where she was; it would kill her to risk meeting her husband again.

"I was utterly at a loss what to do. I would have put her into the carriage again and driven away with her, for even that would be better than remaining there, but it was a hired cab, and had driven off directly. While I was trying to solve the difficulty, there was a noise outside, and Kincaid himself burst in upon us.

"He was like a madman. I can hardly wonder at his wife's terror as I remember that scene. In spite of his cruelty, I believe in his own way he loved her, and while scheming to turn to account my admiration for her, he had never cal-

culated on any such possible result as this. It swept away the control he had hitherto kept, in my presence, over his violent temper. He raved and cursed, he heaped on me insults that made my blood boil; but I *would* not hear, for I was sensible how base my conduct must appear to him; and as he would give me no opportunity to explain, I could only wait until he should be calm enough to listen. But finally, when I did not reply, he—he struck me, and a ring he wore laid my cheek open. My God! I hardly dare think now of that moment when I felt his mark on my face. I had not trusted myself to answer before, but I found my speech then. 'Enough of this,' I said. 'I promise you satisfaction to your heart's content, only wait till we are alone.' The sight of the streaming blood seemed to have sobered him a little; he waited for me in sullen silence.

"Morning was not soon enough for his revenge, and I was in no humor to balk him. We got some friends and drove to some open fields. The moonlight was bright as day.

"I swear before Heaven I did not mean to kill him; but my brain was turning; it all passed like a nightmare. I can't tell whether excitement changed my aim or whether he moved, but the shot missed his shoulder and went through the lungs. He fell, and lay quiet an instant while we gathered round; but when he saw my face bending over him, he sprang up on one arm. 'Curse you!' he gasped, with the blood choking him; 'you have robbed me of honor and life.' And with those words on his lips he dropped back dead.

"After this you can fancy how the tongues of scandal were busy with the story. It was a delightful nine days' wonder. What black reports went about you do not need to be told; you have heard them. But mark this—the one sin society could not pardon me was the single redeeming feature of the version it had accepted for truth. I had first betrayed my friend, and then killed him. Very shocking, of course, but so much allowance must be made for young men, et cætera. In short, if I would only have abandoned the woman I was supposed to have ruined, I believe the virtuous world was ready to receive me with open arms as a kind of hero. But how would that same virtuous world have treated the unhappy woman? No, I knew too well what would be her fate; there was but one course open to me—we were married. Yes, we were married, to our mutual torment; bound together by a link that made us shrink from each other, so that it was a relief, I think, to both when death parted us. I would have welcomed it for myself long before, but in the midst of dangers that swept down others I seemed to bear a charmed life. It was better so, perhaps; without me she would have been, if not more wretched, at least more undefended. With my whole heart I thanked Heaven when I stood beside her at the end, and saw the poor tortured face relax at last into something of the old soft loveliness. *She* was at peace, at any rate.

"Here is the whole black history, such as it has never before been told. Whatever his faults, George Kincaid had been my friend, and he was dead—by my hand. I would not stain his memory by one unnecessary word. I told of the facts only so much as was needed; not indeed to clear that poor woman's name, for that was impossible, but to do her such small justice as depended on me to do. As for my part, a witness from heaven could hardly have convinced the world of the truth; I made no attempt to do it, but submitted as best I could to become the social outlaw I have been ever since. But with you it was different. I can never forget that your pure instinct trusted in me, stranger though you were, where most of my friends had fallen away. I could not help telling you the truth; I could not help justifying myself and your belief in me. Now you know all—what I did and how I have been punished. In one day I said good-by to youth, to honor—in the world's esteem, at least—to every happy possibility of a man's life. When I killed the man who had been my friend, I killed love and friendship with him. I have had only their ghosts since then. Has my punishment been enough, do you think?"

Daisy involuntarily echoed the last words as she read them. Had he been punished enough? Had he not, indeed, had a hard fate meted out to him, this man whom Fortune seemed to have singled out as a sort of scape-goat for the multitude of sins she daily lets go unpunished? The girl thought of people whose errors had been incomparably greater, drawing back and looking askance on that blasted life whose silent strength and suffering they did not comprehend, and a great indignant tear fell and blotted the paper before her. Her heart ached as she pictured what he had borne alone through all these years—what he had still to bear to the end.

And her heart ached for something else. One line there—"I have learned since what real love is"—came to her like a lightning flash, tearing the darkness from her soul, and revealing the feelings hidden there. In one moment she knew that Graham Lindsay loved her, and that his love was returned; and alone in her chamber she wept the bitterest tears she would ever shed, while outside the night wind cried and complained like a sentient thing mourning over two wasted lives.

The next day was gloomy, overcast with ragged clouds. Daisy stood at the window, looking and listening, till the contrast with her own inaction became more than she could endure. An irresistible longing possessed her to see those foam waves, as Barbara had described them, breaking over the rocks that had so often made her seat. Fastening her cloak closely about her, she went out into the wind. Down in the village people were about and stirring, but by the cliffs Daisy saw no sign of life till, on turning a sharp angle, she recognized Lindsay's figure leaning against a ledge of the rocks running out into the water. She had not thought to see him, and just now would willingly have avoided him, but it was too late; he had perceived her, and was coming toward her.

The winds rushed and fought round him; his hair was wet with the driving spray. Daisy exclaimed, involuntarily,

"Surely that is a dangerous spot to choose for a look-out to-day, Colonel Lindsay?"

"Not for a sure foot," said he; "but I would not advise you to attempt it. You do not look very fit to do battle with the elements."

"I am stronger than I look," she said, in answer to his words, and for the first time turning her face fully toward him. He started at the alteration in it.

"You are ill!" he exclaimed.

"No; but I had a sleepless night," returned Daisy.

There was a silence. "You read my letter?" he said at last, in an under-tone.

"Yes," answered Daisy, and stopped. "It was very sad," she began again, but conscious all the while how coldly she was speaking in the effort not to betray how much she felt; then her quick impulses rose and swept aside those feeble commonplaces, and she spoke with her heart in her voice: "I think you have been cruelly, *cruelly* treated! How dared they think such things of you? I wish I could show them all what I have learned since we—" The tears sprang into her eyes. She stopped short.

He had watched her face with a look on his own as if he were struggling against himself, but the sight of her tears seemed to overcome his resolution.

"Dare I tell you what *I* have learned in these days we have been together?" he said, in a low tone, whose meaning there was no mistaking.

"No," said Daisy, abruptly; "tell me nothing."

His face darkened. "You are right," he said, bitterly; "a blessing would turn to a curse on my lips."

"Hush!" said Daisy, lifting her hand; "it is not that. You know that, I am sure. But I have promised to marry George Kincaid's brother." She spoke these last words very slowly, as with great effort, and she did not look at him. Whatever emotion may have worked on his face, she saw nothing of it, and when he spoke at last his voice betrayed nothing.

"There was a brother, then?" he said. "I did not know—"

"Yes," she answered, "a half-brother, and many years younger. Henry Kincaid's relatives on the mother's side were close friends of ours, and the match has been a family arrangement almost ever since I can remember."

He watched her narrowly while she spoke, with perfect composure now. A family arrangement? Possibly nothing more. But if he fancied any thing in her words, he made no comment. All he said at length was:

"And under those circumstances, hearing what you must have heard of me, you did not condemn me without a trial? I owe you even more than I thought, Miss Wrentham."

"It was the contrast between what I had heard and what you seemed to me," said she, "that first interested me to judge for myself. But," she added, with some little hesitation, "I think now that perhaps there ought to have been no concealment on my side. I should have told you, of course, in time to prevent any painful meetings; but perhaps it would have been better in the beginning. If—if so, I can only ask you to forgive me, Colonel Lindsay," and her voice trembled slightly.

"To forgive you?" he repeated. "What have I to forgive? The happiest days of my life—that is not saying much, to be sure, but the only happy ones since that time you know of. You have given me back something I believed I had lost forever; you have made me feel once more as if I stood inside the pale of humanity. When we are strangers again, I shall still be a better man for having known you, and I shall thank Heaven for every one of these precious moments."

Daisy listened in silence to his earnest words. She longed to utter something of what she too felt, but she dared not risk any speech. Better, perhaps, that he should misunderstand her now.

"Mr. Kincaid is likely to come here?" asked Lindsay presently, recurring to her allusion to a meeting.

"Yes, I suppose so, by-and-by."

"I ought, in any case," he resumed, "to leave—here—" He stopped, and both felt what that meant.

"Shall you go at once?" asked Daisy, in a low voice.

"At once; to-morrow."

To-morrow!

That night promised with Daisy to be as wakeful as the previous one. For a long time she lay listening to the howling wind, but at last she fell into a sleep from which she started presently broad awake at a noise in the room. It was Barbara come to tell her that there was a wreck in sight, and that the whole village had gone to the cliffs. A few minutes later and they too were on their way thither.

The wreck had drifted on a sunken rock, and lay there. She was filling fast, and could not last much longer. Lindsay had joined Daisy, and they stood looking out seaward together, where the vessel heaved in and out of the shadow.

"Is there no help?" said Daisy, in a low voice. "It is so near!"

"There are none there to help, it would seem," he rejoined. "There appears to be no sign of life about the vessel. Her crew have no doubt already been washed away."

"What is she? Have they any idea?"

"One of the fishermen thinks from her build it is a yacht, the *Tarantula*, that he saw—"

"The *Tarantula!*" interrupted Daisy, turning her startled eyes on his face. "That is the name of Henry Kincaid's yacht, and he is somewhere on this coast!"

There was a moment's silence on the part of both.

"It is not a common name," then said she, almost in a whisper.

"No, it is not a common name," returned Lindsay, after a pause; "but the man may have mistaken—"

They were interrupted by a shout from one of the groups near by. A tremendous wave had lurched the vessel sideways off the rock. She was now drifting heavily in toward shore. Nearer and nearer she came, while all held their breath to watch—nearer and nearer, flung back and forth, till at last she settled again on a bar full in sight of land. In her way she had swung quite round, and now the body of a man was visible, lashed on deck.

They both started forward to where some men were talking loudly, conspicuous among them the one of whom Lindsay had spoken, who now stood foremost, glass in hand.

"Ay, ay," they heard him say, "that's the *Tarr'nteller*, I'll take my davy, and that there's about the build o' the skipper, too, or my eyes don't see straight."

Lindsay suddenly grasped Daisy's hand, and looking up at him, she saw his face, as a face she had never known, rekindled with the light and purpose that had died out of it in one day years before.

"You were right," he said, in a hurried whisper; "my life had something left to do. Whatever happens"—he pressed her hand closer—"Heaven bless you! Daisy! Daisy!"

That was his farewell; but if he had taken her in his arms and kissed her, it could not have said more than that repressed intensity of voice and eyes. With that he was gone, leaving her like one stunned by the comprehension of his meaning. It was a double sacrifice he would make in risking his life to save that of Henry Kincaid, for he would save it for *her*, the woman he loved, but whom by his own act he would restore to another. She sank down on the rocks and hid her face in her hands.

Lindsay had joined the man who had recognized the yacht, and was questioning him eagerly, but the man only shook his head. No boat could live in a sea like that, he said. To attempt it would be only losing life instead of saving it.

"Do you say there is absolutely *no* chance?" asked Lindsay.

"Well, I don't know what you call a chance, master," rejoined the man. "There's about the chance a body 'd have of goin' down a volcaner side and comin' up safe and sound. If you didn't get swallered up in them big waves, you'd likely crack your skull like a egg-shell again the rocks—and maybe she'd get to bottom first, after all;" and he pointed to the water-loaded vessel.

Lindsay hastened away then. There was no time to be lost if he would avail himself of that "volcano chance" to which he meant to trust.

When it was rumored that he meant to launch a boat in that sea, the men gathered about and repeated the warning that those waves would at once dash him back on the rocks; but Lindsay, who was a thoroughly good sailor, showed them how it was his idea to put out from a comparatively sheltered place he had remarked farther down the shore, and so try to creep round to the yacht.

"It's the only chance, if there was any," muttered one old man. But no one offered to accompany him, till, just at the last, a young fellow sprang forward, declaring it should never be said that a stranger had gone out on such a venture alone. But Lindsay motioned him back. He was resolved to do this thing, come what might, but he would not peril another in what he knew was a forlorn hope.

"If it can be done," said he in answer, "one can do it; no need to risk two." So he went down alone into the volcano.

It was not an inapt illustration, that which the man had hit upon. Down out of sight into black pits, shot up on lurid columns and jets of white fire, whirled here and there, went the boat, while they stood breathless on shore to see the impossible performed under their eyes. Half of the work was at last accomplished, as, amidst a cheer that rang even through wind and water, the body of the shipwrecked man was unlashed and transferred securely to the boat. And then began the return.

It seemed as if the miracle were really to be accomplished. The boat came on, tossed madly about, lost from sight again and again, but still safe, still approaching. She was close on shore now; a little more and—whirl came a great wave that caught her in its sweep, twisted her bottom upward, and dragged her down in a single moment.

And her freight—were they lost with her? sucked down to the depths, or battered on with the waves to be flung perhaps miles away on some strange coast? They thought so at first, those who were watching on shore—they thought all was surely over then; but again something emerged from the seething gulf under the cliff and struggled nearer; a rope was flung, grasped, and the two men, lashed together as at first, were drawn in safely at last.

Safely? Well, yes, Henry Kincaid at least—for he it was—had been saved from the death that had him in its jaws but now. It appeared from what he could tell them presently that, contrary to his warning, the crew, believing they could make the coast, had put off in a boat, which had been swamped under his very eyes. Two only had remained with him on the yacht, but both had been washed overboard, and he himself had at length become insensible through cold and exhaustion.

So a life was saved, but its price had been paid. Graham Lindsay was dying. The waves had crushed and beaten him cruelly on the rocks; there was blood on his lips when they drew him in to shore; he had never spoken since; he would never speak again. The first gray of coming morning was beginning to creep along the horizon, but he would not see that gray brighten into the gold of sunrise.

They were both beside him, Daisy and Henry Kincaid. Kincaid did not know yet who was the man to whom he owed his life; he only knew that he was dying. Daisy knew that too, and in the consciousness her resolve fixed itself: she could never marry Henry Kincaid now. Had Lindsay lived, she would have distrusted her own motives; but she might do for the dead what she might not have done for the living.

The end was very near now. Something of that last dread change was beginning to shadow itself in his face. Daisy knelt down beside him and took his hand in hers.

"Graham," said she, "can you hear me? can you understand?"

He could not speak, but his eyes answered her.

"Oh, my love!" said she, "before you leave me hear me say that I am all yours, none but yours, in this world and the next."

Henry Kincaid had grown very pale, and his teeth were set; but this was not the time or place to speak.

Daisy felt the fingers she held stiffen about hers. With a convulsive effort the dying man lifted them toward his lips, but half-way they fell back heavily, the dead hand and the living still locked together in one clasp.

Daisy rose from her knees and bent over the worn face, stilled with an awful quiet that would never quicken more even for her presence; but there were no tears in her eyes at the sight. Henry Kincaid, watching her, wondered to see her smile over the death-bed of the man to whom she had just spoken such words, and at that moment he hardly regretted losing one with whom he felt so little in common.

But Daisy was not thinking then of the end, but of the beginning; not of the mortal, but the immortal—the rest won through much tribulation; and in her heart she was giving thanks for Graham Lindsay's life and for his death.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A party of wits once stopped at a tavern. When the feast was over, one of the members called in the hostess. "Angélique," he said, "I am going to give you a lesson in astronomy. Have you not heard of the great Platonic year, when every thing must return to its former condition? Know, then, that in sixteen thousand years we shall be here again on the same day and at the same hour. Will you give us credit till then?" The hostess, however, had her reply. "I am perfectly willing," she retorted; "but it is just sixteen thousand years since you were here before, and you left without paying: settle the old score, and I will trust you on the new."

Why is a pig the most provident of animals?—Because he always carries a spare-rib or two about him.

Little four-year-old Carrie went with her aunt to church. The preacher was very earnest in his delivery, and she was much interested. "Mother," said she, when she came home, "I have heard such a smart minister! He stamped, and pounded, and made such a noise! and then he got so mad he shook his fist at the folks, and there wasn't any body dared to go up and fight him."

THE SHAVERS.

The barber shaves with polished blade.
The merchant shaves in constant trade.
The broker shaves on twelve per cent.
The landlord shaves by raising rent.
The doctor shaves in patent pills.
The tapster shaves in pints and gills.
The farmer shaves in hay and oats.
The banker shaves on his own notes.
The lawyer shaves both friends and foes.
The peddler shaves where'er he goes.
The office-holder shaves the nation.
The parson shaves to men's salvation.
The wily churchman shaves his brother.
The people all shave one another.

A Proverb extended.—"Sambo, my massa always trabbel; yours ebber stay at home." "Dat berry true, Jim; but you know what de proverb say—'Rollin' stone gadder no moss.'" "No, Sambo, but it gadder polish; and dat 'ere's a qualification your massa stan' berry much in need ob."

"The only way to look at a lady's faults," exclaimed a supergallant, "is to shut your eyes."

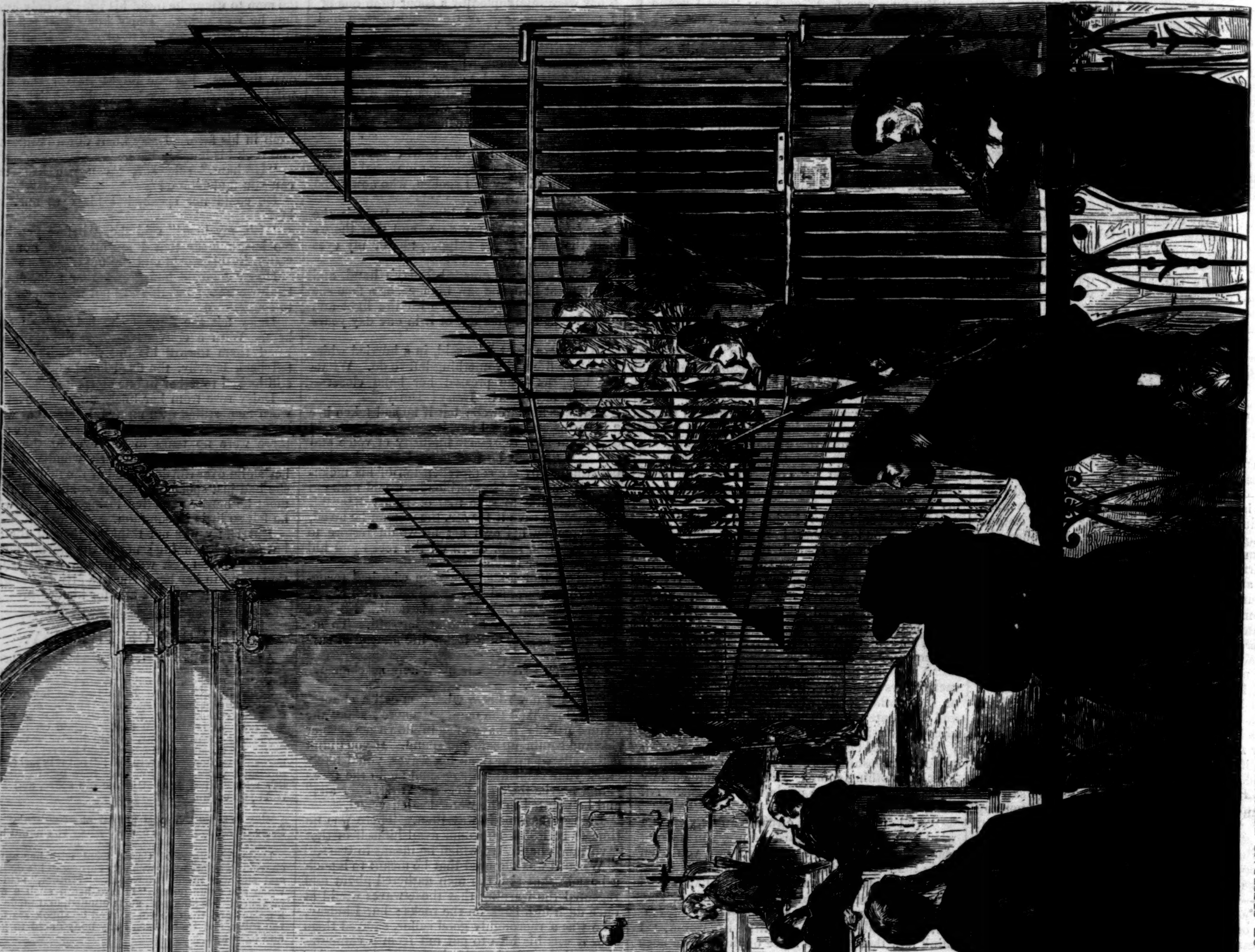
A large, ferocious dog, finding his way into a dry-goods store filled with lady customers, created considerable alarm, when a raw-looking case remarked that if they'd give him what he wanted, likely the dog would leave. What could a dog want in a dry-goods store? Why, he wanted *muzzlin'*, of course.

An anxious mother in Scotland, taking leave of her son on his departure for England, gave him this advice: "My dear Sandy, my ain bairn, gang South, and get all the siller ye can from the Southerns—tak' every thing ye can. But the English are a brave, boxin' people, an' tak' care o' them, Sandy. Never fight a bald man, for ye canna catch him by the hair."

Take away my first letter, take away my second letter, take away all my letters, and I am still the same—The postman.

Several passengers on the Lower Mississippi were attracted by the alligators basking in the sunshine. "Are they amphibious, captain?" asked a looker-on. "Amphibious, thunder!" answered the enthusiastic officer; "they'll eat a hog a minute."

A story is told of an auctioneer who was provokingly annoyed while in the exercise of his profession by the ludicrous bids of a fellow whose sole object seemed to be to make sport for the buyers, rather than himself to buy. At length, enraged beyond endurance, the knight of the hammer, looking around the room for a champion to avenge his wrongs, fixed his eyes upon a biped of huge dimensions, a very monarch in strength, and cried out, "Marlow, what shall I give you to put that fellow out?" "I take one fife-dollar bill." "Done! done! you shall have it." Assuming the ferocious, knitting his brows, spreading his nostrils like a lion's, and putting on the wolf all over his head and shoulders, old Marlow strode off to the aggressor, and seizing the terrified wretch by the collar, said to him in a whisper that was heard all over the room, "My good frin, you go out mit me, I give you half the money." "Done! done!" says the fellow. "Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted the audience. The auctioneer had the good sense to join in the laugh, and coolly forked out the V.



TRIAL OF SICILIAN BRIGANDS AT PALERMO.

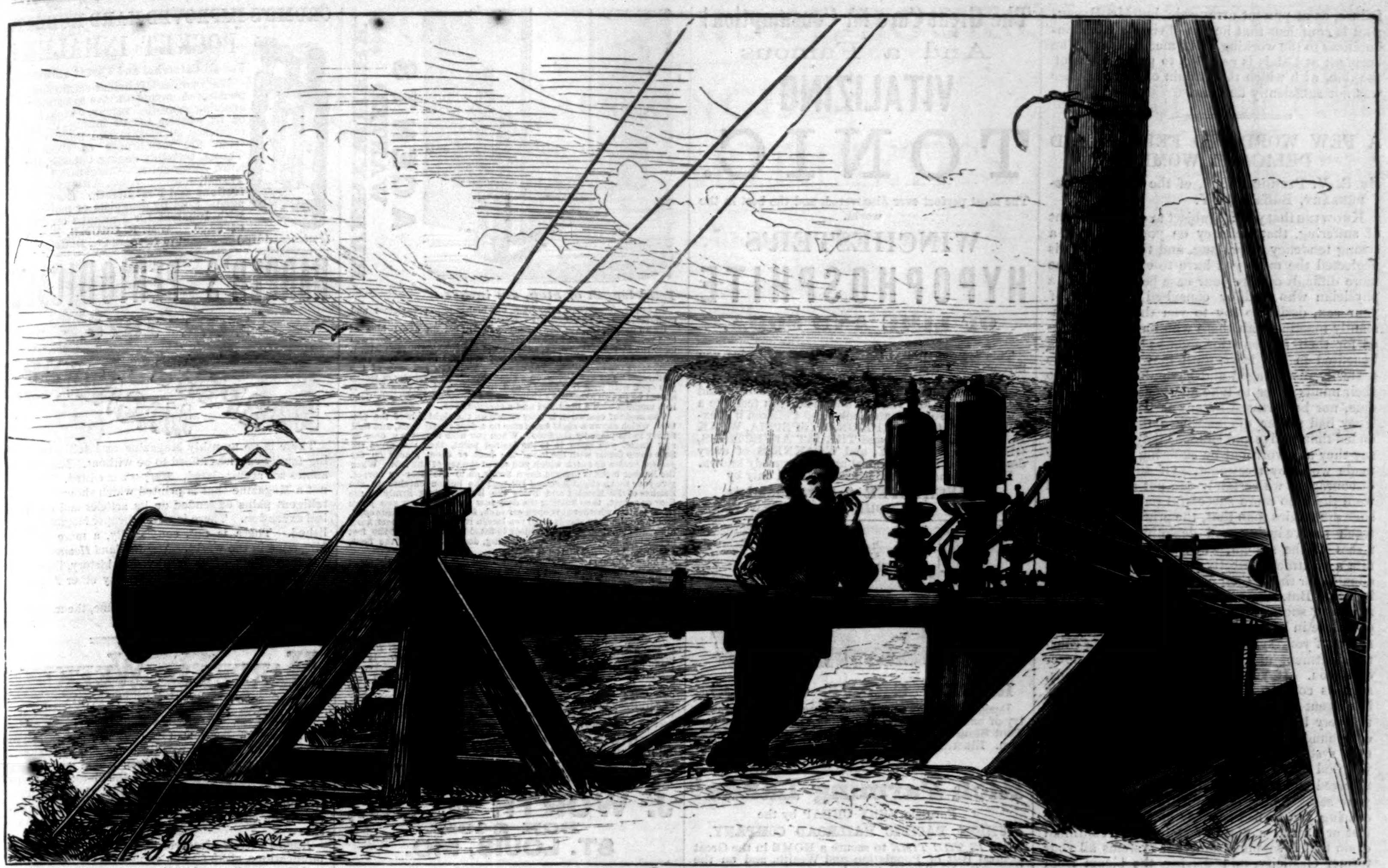
BRIGANDS ON TRIAL.

It now and then happens that the Italian *gens-d'armes* make a lucky haul of brigands, although, owing to their extreme vigilance, it is very difficult to catch them napping. Still harder is it to convict them, unless captured with the evidence of their crimes upon them, as the peasants, who any day may turn brigands themselves, or may have friends and relatives among the captives, testify against them with great reluctance. Our engraving represents a trial of brigands which took place recently at Palermo, Sicily. Six brigands had been captured, belonging to the same bands whose outrages and haunts we have before illustrated, and brought into the city for trial at the criminal assizes. The court is held in one of the large halls of the old Convent of St. Francesco, where the Parliament sat in 1848, and which is now used as the court-house. The prisoners wore a sullen, dejected look, and being confined in a sort of iron cage, as is customary during such investigations in Italy, resembled wild beasts in a menagerie. Ferocious, pitiless, and braggart as they are in their own haunts, these men, with few exceptions, are terribly cowed when they fall into the clutches of the law. Their judges, as they well know, have no pity for them, but will inflict upon them, if convicted, the severest penalty the law permits. There is no sentimental nonsense in the Italian courts, and none of that "shystering" which in England and this country so often protects criminals at the expense of society.

THE SIREN FOG-WHISTLE.

On the next page we give an engraving of what is acknowledged to be, without question, the most powerful fog-signal whistle now in use. It is an American invention. The whistle is produced by means of a disk, with twelve radial slits, being made to rotate in front of a fixed disk exactly similar. The moving disk revolves 2800 times a minute, and in each revolution there is, of course, twelve coincidences between the two disks; through the openings thns made steam or air at high pressure is allowed to pass, so that there are actually twelve times 2800 (or 33,600) puffs of steam or compressed air every minute. This causes a sound of very great power, which the cast-iron trumpet, twenty feet in length, compresses to a certain extent; and the blast goes out as a sort of sound-beam in the direction required.

This instrument has been set up at various points along our own coast, where danger to shipping is imminent during the prevalence of foggy weather, and its superiority to every other form of fog-signal was immediately so apparent that the English naval authorities sent for a specimen to be tried with English inventions at some recent experiments on the coast. It was found to be vastly more effective than any thing with which it was put in competition, and a large number of these instruments were at once ordered for the purpose of establishing a complete chain of sound-signals round the English coast, to be used in foggy weather when light-houses



THE SIREN FOG-WHISTLE.—[See Page 504.]

are of no avail. This siren can be heard in all sorts of weather at from two and a half to three miles, and during the recent experiments was, on one favorable occasion, heard sixteen and three-quarter miles out at sea. The value of such an instrument is almost beyond computation. It will save many a ship from destruction and many a human being from perishing in the waves.

THE BESSEMER STEAM-SHIP.

The new steam-ship with the suspended saloon, invented by Mr. H. Bessemer to prevent sea-sickness to passengers across the English Channel, recently made her trial trip from Dover to Calais, with above 200 passengers on board. There were some mist and rain at the time of starting, but they soon cleared off, and the sea was very smooth. The wind, too, was favorable, so that there was really no opportunity for proving the reputed peculiar advantages of this vessel. The hydraulic-power apparatus designed to keep the swinging saloon in a horizontal position was not used at all, and the saloon remained fixed in the hull of the ship. But with the spaciousness and convenience of all the accommodations for passengers, those on board were fully satisfied. The run over to Calais was performed in just an hour and a half. Unfortunately, as the vessel was entering Calais Harbor, she ran against one of the wooden piers, and did it much damage, but was herself little the worse. It appears to be generally acknowledged that the swinging saloon is a

THE BESSEMER SALOON STEAM-SHIP RUNNING FOUL OF CALAIS PIER.

failure, as at present arranged; but Mr. Bessemer is confident that he can obviate all the hinderances to the working of the mechanism. The accident at Calais is ascribed to peculiarities of the tide, with which the captain of the *Bessemer* was not sufficiently familiar.

A FEW WORDS TO FEEBLE AND DELICATE WOMEN.

By R. V. Pierce, M.D., of the World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N. Y.

Knowing that you are subject to a great amount of suffering, that delicacy on your part has a strong tendency to prolong, and the longer it is neglected the more you have to endure and the more difficult of cure your case becomes, I, as a physician who is daily consulted by scores of your sex, desire to say to you that I am constantly meeting with those who have been treated for their ailments for months without being benefited in the least, until they have become perfectly discouraged and have almost made up their minds never to take another dose of medicine, nor be tortured by any farther treatment. They had rather die and have their sufferings ended than to live and suffer as they have. They say they are worn out by suffering and are only made worse by treatment. Of any thing more discouraging we certainly can not conceive, and were there no more successful mode of treating such difficulties than that, the principles of which teach the reducing and depleting of the vital forces of the system, when the indications dictate a treatment directly the reverse of the one adopted for them, their cases would be deplorable indeed. But, lady sufferers, there is a better and far more successful plan of treatment for you; one more in harmony with the laws and requirements of your system. A harsh irritating caustic treatment and strong medicines will never cure you. If you would use rational means, such as common-sense should dictate to every intelligent lady, take such medicines as embody the very best invigorating tonics and nervines, compounded with special reference to your delicate system. Such a happy combination you will find in my Favorite Prescription, which has received the loudest praise from thousands of your sex. Those languid, tiresome sensations, causing you to feel scarcely able to be on your feet or ascend a flight of stairs, that continual drain that is sapping from your systems all your former elasticity, and driving the bloom from your cheeks; that continual strain upon your vital forces that renders you irritable and fretful, may all be overcome and subdued by a persevering use of that marvelous remedy. Irregularities and obstructions to the proper workings of your systems are relieved by this mild and safe means, while periodical pains, the existence of which is a sure indication of serious disease that should not be neglected, readily yield to it, and if its use is kept up for a reasonable length of time the special cause of these pains is permanently removed. Further light on these subjects may be obtained from my pamphlet on diseases peculiar to your sex, sent on receipt of two stamps. My Favorite Prescription is sold by druggists.—[*Com.*]

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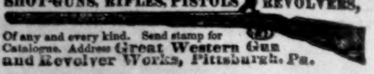

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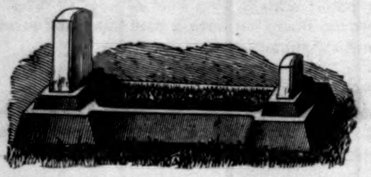

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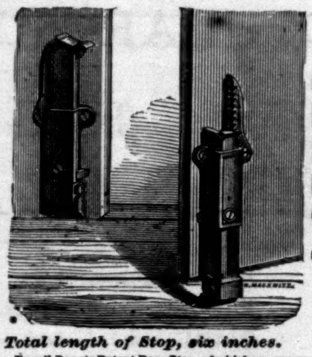

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The mode of operation is fully shown on the right side of the picture, which shows a *right hand stop* on a door partly open, and held firmly in its place by the Stop. When you wish to fasten a door at any angle, you open it to the desired point, then you press the Stop down firmly with the toe of the boot or shoe, placed on the *pivotal button or catch* which you see at the top of the bolt. When the Rubber block is pressed down firmly on to the floor or carpet, give your foot a slight *forward tilt*, and the button catches in the notches of the Ratchet and holds the Rubber block firmly to the floor or carpet, thus holding the door *just exactly where you place it*, no matter whether it is open *an inch, three inches*, or *wide open*, and there the door stands until you loosen it, *no matter how hard the wind blows*. The Rubber block is fitted into the jaws at the foot of the bolt, and being soft and yielding, does not damage the floor, or the *finest carpet* in the least.

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FUR-LINED CIRCULAR, with Three-quarter Trained Skirt.......................... " 3
GIRL'S WARDROBE, French Sacque, with Diagonal Front, Round Over-skirt, Pleated Waist Fastened Behind, Trimmed Skirt, Basque, and Apron (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)................................ " 5
JOAN OF ARC BASQUE, with Apron Over-skirt and Long Walking Skirt............. " 15
HENRI TROIS SACQUE, with Bouffant Over-skirt and Walking Skirt.................. " 17
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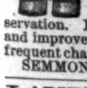

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